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THE BYSTANDER, APRIL 22, 1936.

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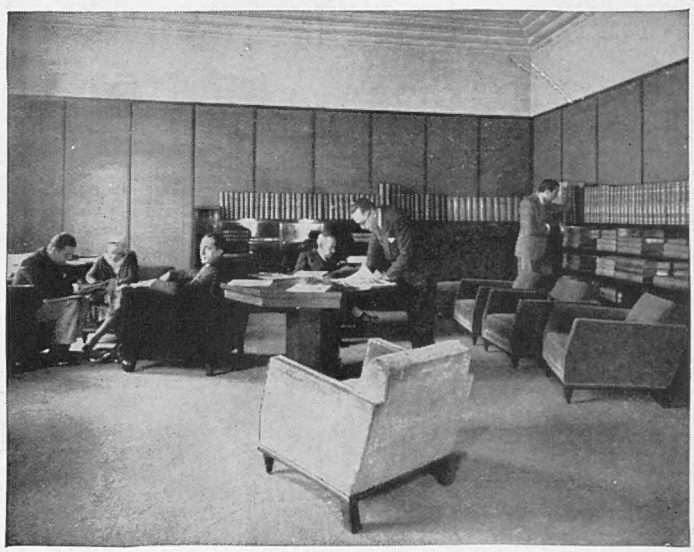

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The Bystander, April 22, 1936

No. 1688. Vol. CXXX.

The BYSTANDER

Hurrell, Hollywood

Dolores del Rio Follows the Fashion

Not so long ago the traffic between England and Hollywood was all one way: we lost our stars to America almost before they 'd twinkled in a home studio, and it would have seemed an absurd, positively presumptuous idea that such a glamour-queen as Dolores del Rio should actually go to work over here. But here she and Constance Bennett and Fay Wray are, and here Marlene will soon be. Dolores del Rio is Douglas Fairbanks, Junior's, importation, and she is starring in Criterion's *Accused*, with American Thornton Freeland as director (he has handled her films before). Fairbanks was to co-star with her, but since his illness that idea is in abeyance. Dolores del Rio is Mrs. Cedric Gibbons in private life; her husband is an M.-G.-M. art director, and is over here with her, and so is her mother

Cannons of Hollywood

Lady Helen Jessel

Lady Helen Jessel is the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry's third daughter, is twenty-five this year, and married Lord and Lady Jessel's only son last year. She and her husband have a son and heir, Timothy Edward Jessel, who was born a month or two ago, and they live in Cleveland Gardens, W.2. Edward Jessel was called to the Bar in 1926, the same year that he came down from Oxford. His father was created a baron in 1924; his grandfather, the late Sir George Jessel, was Master of the Rolls, and a famous Judge

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides on the Affairs of the Day

By A. G. Macdonell

THE situation of the Government on its two battle-fronts continues to be incredibly tricky. The French refuse to co-operate effectively with the League, and ourselves, in securing peace with justice in Abyssinia, and insist on our co-operating with the League, and them, on the Rhine. Our policy is exactly the opposite. We are all for the sanctity of treaties where Africa is concerned, but do not seem to be quite so enthusiastic nearer home.

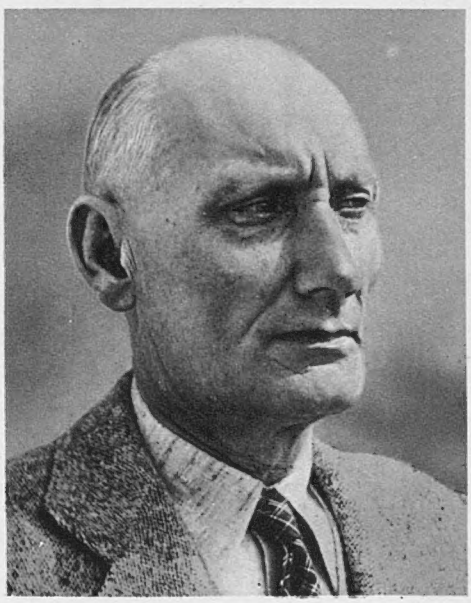
Another little problem which faces our unfortunate rulers is how to deal with Signor Mussolini's complete rejection of the League's efforts at conciliation. His contemptuous "terms" have perhaps made the situation less difficult for the Government than a more tactful request for recognition of his conquests. That might not have been easy to refuse, for the Duce has certainly gained a startling military victory. On the other hand, if the Government agreed to allow the Duce to hold the fruits of his defiance of the Covenant, it might not be at all simple to placate the electorate—especially the very formidable eleven million peace-balloteers—of this country. It would require a political acrobat of the most agile nature to explain why Sir Samuel Hoare was thrown overboard for advocating a much milder betrayal of the League than a complete recognition of the Duce's conquests would mean to-day.

But you never can be sure what lengths of acrobatsmanship, so to speak, politicians can go to. We must remember that only about a fortnight ago it was solemnly proposed that Italy, which was engaged at the moment in the task of destroying a fellow-member of the League, should join in policing the Rhineland in the name of the very treaties which she had herself torn up. After that triumph of paradox all things are possible.

IN the meanwhile, the Staff talks between Britain, France, and Belgium are over, in spite of all the misgivings which greeted the proposal when it was first made. Mr. Lloyd George's powerful denunciation of the Talks has had no effect upon the Government, and a considerable number of men-in-the-street are uneasily wondering whether we are going to be dragged once again at the heels of the French General Staff. The disastrous consequences of allowing ourselves to be dictated to by the French soldiers during 1914-1918 were only a little worse than the effects of allowing ourselves to be dictated to by the French politicians after 1918. The myth that Foch was a great genius dies very hard, just as the myth that he took a decisive part in the Battle of the Marne also dies very hard. If we are going to be treated once more simply as an extension of the left wing of the French Army, things will go badly for us.

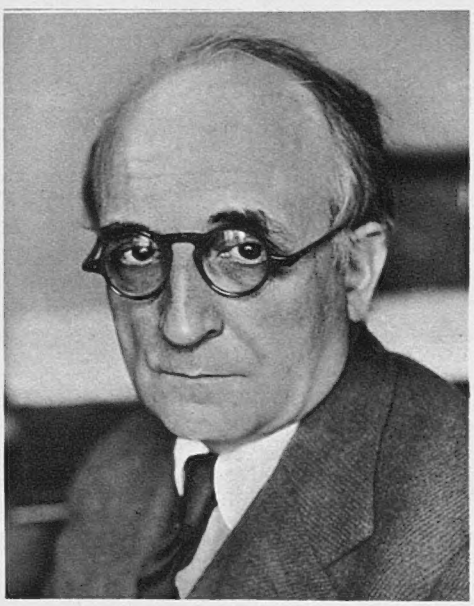
IT is very seldom that the introduction of the Budget arouses as little attention as it has this year. It has been almost ignored. The reason for this, I think, is because the taxpayer has been gloomily reconciled to the practical certainty that there would be no reduction of taxes for him. The only two things which really excite him are the glorious possibility of a reduction in income tax, and the hideous possibility of an increase. It has been obvious for so long that the latter has been avoided by Mr. Chancellor Chamberlain's tight-fisted and accurate administration of the public purse, while the former has been unfortunately ruled out by the new re-armament programme. Hence the cold indifference with which the tax-payer has awaited the news of his fate this year.

THE campaigning for the French General Elections will soon reach its most intense level. With Europe in



Baron Aloisi

A Geneva snapshot of Mussolini's League mouthpiece, who once more arrived with nothing to say that any of his co-delegates wanted to hear, and no power to negotiate



Señor de Madariaga

The Spanish chairman of the Committee of Thirteen spent a desperate two days between Baron Aloisi and the English, French and Abyssinian delegates, trying to set the machinery of conciliation in motion

its state of uneasiness, these elections are as important as any that have been held for many years. It is generally thought that the Parties of the Left will secure a small majority, but prediction is unusually difficult. The French peasant is essentially a lover of peace. All he wants is freedom to till the soil and reap his harvest of corn or grapes. But he has been profoundly shaken at home by the Stavisky scandals, and abroad by the German occupation of the demilitarised zone, and he is in a baffled, angry, suspicious mood, and almost anything might happen.

THE grounding of the P. and O. liner Ranpura with her cargo of art treasures from the Chinese Exhibition was a pretty nasty moment, not only for the captain of the ship, not only for the organisers of the Exhibition, but for the whole fair fame of Britain. It is not an exaggeration to say that the prestige of this country would have suffered an irremediable blow if anything had happened to those wonderful masterpieces while they were in the custody of Britain's sailors. We are almost as proud of our mercantile marine and its long tradition as the Chinese are of their china. Nor would it have been an ordinary case of paying compensation, or collecting insurance money. These masterpieces have no cash value, because they are utterly irreplaceable. People have estimated their value at ten million pounds sterling. That only means that they might fetch ten millions sterling in an auction-room. Their value to the civilisation of mankind is not to be assessed in terms of cash.

THE news that Lawson Little, for two years amateur golf champion of Britain and the United States, has turned professional is rather sad. There is not quite the same glamour about the famous American professionals as there is about the amateurs. For one thing, so many of them are not really Americans at all. Jim Barnes is a Cornishman, Macfarlane came from Aberdeen, Armour and Cruickshank from Edinburgh, Hutchison from St. Andrews, and so on. But American amateurs are the genuine home-grown article, a combination of the fundamentals of the Scottish swing and the calm American temperament. Their names are immortal in golfing history — Travis, the demon putter; Travers, whose wooden club play was so bad that he usually drove with an iron; Francis Ouimet, Jesse ("Siege Gun") Guildford, Sweetser, and, of course, the incomparable wizard from Atlanta, Georgia. It is sad to think that never again shall we see Lawson Little smashing his way through our Amateur Championship like a sort of cross between a delicate pianist and a juggernaut.

A FORTNIGHT ago I commented on Lord Linlithgow's departure to take up his vast burden as Viceroy of India, and said something about the wonderful line of great pro-consuls who have served the Empire so devotedly and so disinterestedly. There is another, slightly different, type of Empire-maker who does equally valuable work and comes less into the limelight. A perfect example of this type is now on his way to England on leave—Sir Hubert Murray, the Lieutenant-Governor of Papua. Sir Hubert, who is a brother of Professor Gilbert Murray, has administered this obscure colony for more than twenty-five years, and his system of administration is recognised all over the world as the perfect model of how to handle natives. His methods are all his own and may be described as the translation into practical effect of the humanism of his famous brother. Thus, a convicted Papuan criminal who is seen to be pining in jail is released at once and sent home! And I believe that one of Sir Hubert's earliest and most sensational performances was to arrest some desperate murderers and turn them into policemen. Rather different from the ruthless Sanders of the River, and apparently a good deal more effective.

THE first muttering of the heavy artillery in the American Presidential Election can now be heard in the distance. The President himself has fired his first big gun in Baltimore, capital of Maryland. His choice of Maryland for this purpose is significant, for that State is the toughest stronghold of the doctrine of "States' Rights" as against Federal centralisation, which, of course, is what Mr. Roosevelt himself stands for to a very considerable extent. In opening his campaign in Baltimore, Mr. Roosevelt has carried the battle right into the enemy's territory from the very start.

Significant news comes also from the State of Illinois, where Senator Borah, of Idaho, polled an astonishingly large number of votes against Colonel Frank Knox, the official candidate, and a "favourite son" of Illinois in the Republican Primary election. If Colonel Knox cannot sweep his own Party in his own State, he looks to have a poorish chance elsewhere. Another portent from Illinois is that the President, standing for the State's Democratic nomination, polled more than twice as many votes as Knox and Borah put together. And Illinois has always been regarded as a "safe State" by the Republicans. A Rooseveltian victory there would go a long way to help the President to re-election.

THE imminent return of Mr. J. B. Priestley to the theatre is good news. He has been too long away. He has now formed a partnership with Mr. Laurence Olivier and Mr. Ralph Richardson for the production of plays in London, opening during the first week in May at the Lyric Theatre with a new play of his own called *Bees on the Boat Deck*. I fancy we can be pretty confident that the dry, sunshiny air of Arizona will not have in any way diminished Mr. Priestley's dramatic gifts.

AN amazing and romantic link with the past has just come to light through the comparatively unromantic medium of the annual report of Lloyd's Patriotic Fund. On July 14th, 1803, a Mr. Gill was Master's Mate of H.M.S. Racoon, on the Jamaica station, and on that day the vessel fell in with the French brig Lodi, off St. Domingo. A fierce encounter took place, during which the Master's Mate displayed conspicuous bravery, and at the end of which the Lodi was captured. Mate Gill lost an arm during the battle, but was so little incommoded in his profession by the loss that he rose to the rank of Admiral, and died in 1874. Now, in 1936, a hundred and thirty-three years after the battle, Admiral Gill's daughter, aged ninety-eight, has applied to the Fund for assistance, and, says the Report, "In view of her circumstances and of her father's distinguished service, the Trustees are very glad to have been able to help her."

THE reason for poor Dr. Eckener's disgrace appears to be that when Dr. Goebbels insisted upon the Hindenburg being sent up in stormy weather to scatter electioneering pamphlets, he exclaimed, or is alleged to have exclaimed: "Confound the election." A spy popped up from somewhere, as spies have a habit of doing in dictator-run countries, and trotted off with the news of this monstrous crime to Dr. Goebbels. There seems to be still a vague sort of advantage in living in a democratic country.

Mr. George Eumorfopoulos and Some of His Treasures

Mr. Eumorfopoulos saw his wonderful collection of Chinese works of art fully displayed for the first time when he inspected the arrangements made for their exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The collection, which was acquired for the nation from Mr. Eumorfopoulos for £100,000, will be on view all summer; the Exhibition was opened last Friday by the Chinese Ambassador

Morning Constitutional

Mr. Bobby Loewenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Christian Dufaure and Mr. Fiske joined the Easter migration to Le Touquet. Mrs. Dufaure was June O'Malley-Keyes before her marriage

Fair Weather Foursome

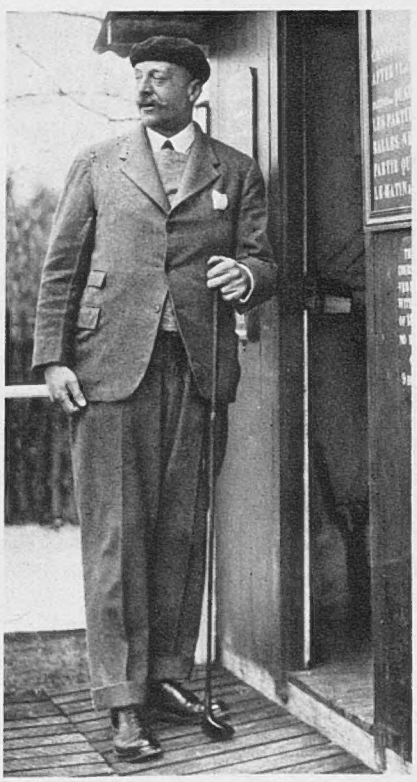
This blink of sun landed on Mr. Sidney Emanuel, Mrs. V. Emanuel, Mrs. Sidney Emanuel and Mr. Vincent Stoneham on the golf club terrace before lunch. They are all constant to their Le Touquet week-ends

Easter at Le Touquet

They Had Nicer Weather Than Ours

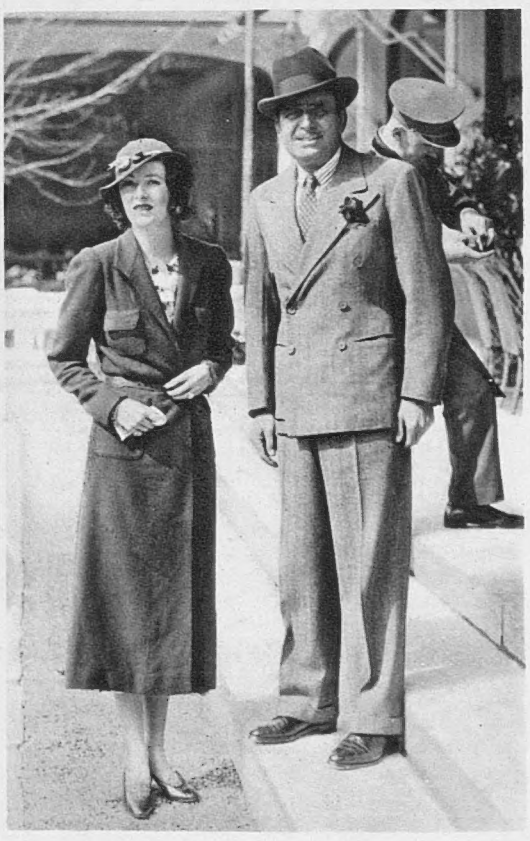
Lord Portarlington and Miss Pamela Nicholl

What would Le Touquet be without Lord Portarlington and one of his big, shining cars? He was there for Easter, as usual, and so was Pamela Nicholl, Mrs. Rose Horlick's sister



Lord Fitzwilliam

Wore a béret to play golf, and succeeds in making it look a quite distinguished kind of head-covering



Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks finished their Spanish honeymoon before Easter, and instead of justifying the rumours of immediate departure for China, they arrived at Le Touquet

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

Welsh Christening Party

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Farquhar's second son was christened Peter Guy Powlett at St. Peter's, Glasbury-on-Wye. In this group at Gwernfed Park, the Farquhars' Breconshire home, are Lady Lettice Cotterell, godmother, Mr. Guy Farquhar, Mr. Homan and Mr. Paul Henry, godfathers, Mrs. Farquhar and her elder children, Edward and Antonia, Mrs. John Mason, and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Scott

First-Nighters at His Majesty's to see "The

Lady Patricia Latham talked to Miss Mevagh Forbes during the interval of the Max Beerbohm-Clemence Dane play, in which Ivor Novello and Vivien Leigh are starring

RIGHTEOUS indignation on all sides at so late an Easter producing hail, snowdrifts and blizzards.

We were all unprepared for such weather, even in this well-known climate of ours. We heard of trains held up, motor-cars deserted, and an abandoned private 'plane in Scotland. Weather reports from Le Touquet varied considerably.

Even there we heard of hailstorms, an icy blast on the golf links, and of people sipping their apéritifs on the Hermitage steps. The climate can have mattered little to those who kept the Casino open until lunch time the following day!

Anyway, every hotel was packed and the week-end was a riotous success.

A Blaze of Jewellery

THE Countess of Warwick, we are told, was the prettiest woman in the place. She motored down to Biarritz with Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes after the holiday week-end was over.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks were over there, dining one night with Count and Countess Paul Munster and the Ali Mackintoshes.

"Young-marrieds," like the Kenneth Waggs and the John Muskers, entertained each other; Mrs. Van der Elst's jewellery fairly lit up the Casino. Mrs. Julie Shipman, a charming American with many friends in London, wore especially good clothes and jewellery.

The twenty-one-year-old son and heir of Lord Granard flew his private aeroplane there and back.

When the Clans Fought

LADY SEAFIELD and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley Herbert, entertained an Easter house-party at Castle Grant, which was built on high ground as a fortress in the days when the clans fought unceasingly.

As a relic of this, the hall and staircase are lined with bayoneted flintlocks, which are in a better state of preservation than those in many museums.

The Seafields have not had a party at Castle Grant for some time, usually entertaining at Cullen, which is on the sea-coast between Lossiemouth and Banff, and is the more habitable house, although Castle Grant now boasts central heating, telephones and electric light.

However, there is one room after which Lady Seafield sighs when she is at Cullen. It is the dining-hall at Castle Grant, a beautiful room panelled in pine, two hundred and fifty years old, round which are hung forty-one family portraits.

A Much-Married Pair

AMONG those staying at Castle Grant at Easter were Mr. Somerset de Chair, one of the cleverest young M.P.'s, and his good-looking wife; Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley, whose two-year-old son is making his debut as a page at Miss Betty Kerr-Smiley's wedding on the twenty-third; Lord Donegall, who flew up in his new Clem Eagle, landing at Inverness, the most northerly aerodrome in Scotland. He brought Mr. David Low as passenger. Mr. and Mrs. George Heneage, happily remarried, came over from Castle Killochan, and Mr. Henry Morrison, whom one would not suspect in light conversation of writing learned books on constitutional history. His work on the French Constitution earned him one of the most coveted French Orders.

Last, but not least, the Dowager Lady Seafield was there, after a recent trip to Bombay and a hazardous motor trip through Spain.

"Bystander" Flying Number

Next Wednesday, April 29

Special Features by

Lord Sempill, Air Commodore Chamier and Mr. Lindsay Everard

A Review of the Year in the Air by Charles Ward, our Air Correspondent

An Interesting Gala

LOVERS of the ballet please note, on May 4th, at eight-thirty, at the Cambridge Theatre, there is to be a charity performance of more than usual interest, the pièce de résistance being a new ballet performed for the first time by the principals of the Vic-Wells Company, and conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who has composed the music.

Other items of interest include a ballet by young artists of the Phyllis Bedell School, and the Rambert Ballet Club. It is in aid of the National Birth Control Association, of which the Lord Horder, K.C.V.O., M.D., F.R.C.P., is president; Lady Denman, D.B.E., is chairman of the executive committee; and Sir Mark Grant-Sturgis, K.C.B., is chairman of the special committee for the ballet performance.

For Art's Sake

SOME theatres shut up during Holy Week, others had grand openings, like His Majesty's, where Ivor Novello's appearance in *The Happy Hypocrite* was the theatrical event of the week.

After the first shock of seeing those handsome features disguised by a heavy, sodden, plum-coloured make-up, we settled down to enjoy the play, to admire the actor who relinquished his looks for his art, and to marvel at the exquisite artlessness of Vivien Leigh.

Swaebe

Happy Hypocrite"

Lady Caroline Paget, who has been acting herself with a provincial repertory company, is with Mr. John C. Wilson, Noel Coward's manager

Right: a very sunburnt family-party arrived at Avonmouth, Bristol, when Lord and Lady Weymouth and their elder children, Caroline and Alexander Thynne, got back from a long cruise to the West Indies

Back from the West Indies

Embarrassed by His Fans

THE real intelligentsia turned up in force for the adaptation of Max Beerbohm's work, and we found ourselves cheek by jowl with Miss G. B. Stern, her grey locks cut after the manner of the Princes in the Tower. She changed places later with Miss Joyce Carey and sat in Miss Braithwaite's box.

Near to us we saw lovely Mrs. Essex Drury and the popular Italian star, Tullio Carminati. His fans made his departure at the end difficult and almost embarrassing.

Just in front of us, a soignée little brown head rose out of an ermine collar; it belonged to Mrs. Ernest Simpson, the head beside it belonged to Lord Berners, and a couple of blonde heads just to the left, comparing opinions in the interval, belonged to Lady Diana Cooper and Lady Cunard.

Where People Went

ONE of the last things we did before leaving for Scotland, where we spent Easter, was to snatch a hurried lunch at the Ritz, in the midst of ticket-buying, last-minute shopping, and a final desperate dash to the hairdresser's.

Here we found Lady Phyllis Allen, undecided whether to go to Cannes or to Le Touquet; Mr. Toby Milbanke, quite decided to go to Seville, and ordering his lunch in Spanish already; and Captain Jolliffe, looking forward to a quiet country holiday at Edenbridge with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Mosenthall.

Swagger Red Foxes

LADY DUFFERIN made us all sit up a little that day by appearing in a swagger coat made entirely of very swagger red foxes. It was a gay and riotous wrap, but suited her pink and white and gold colouring extraordinarily well.

We are all far more open-minded about colours than we were of old. Blondes realise now that black is more becoming to most of them than insipid pinks and blues, and that sunshine yellow is not the sole property of brunettes. The Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Egerton, who is very fair, and one of the best-dressed women in London, often wears yellow in the summer with complete success.

First Public Appearance

ON our last night out just before Easter we saw Countess Haugwitz Reventlow making her first public appearance since the recent happy event.

Pale, bigger-eyed than ever, in a bright red dress, the little Countess sat at a table with her husband, Sir John and Lady Milbanke, and the latters' two schoolboy sons.

Among those taking the floor that evening were Lady Plunket, in a filmy black dress; Lady Daphne Straight, in a white dress bespattered with large black flowers, dancing with her husband; and Miss Diana Mainwaring, off to Scotland the next day to stay with Lady Forres.

Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke were taking a last look at brighter London before departing to Monte Carlo and Paris with the John Morrisons.

Her Husband Won

A BITING wind rather spoilt our fun at the Household Brigade meeting at Hawthorn Hill. You can't crowd round a brazier all the time, or drink cherry-brandy or scalding cups of coffee between every race.

We thought Mrs. John Ward, in a black halo and a mink coat, the beauty of the day, although Miss Nan McGowan, all in dark blue, looked enchantingly pretty. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan Jones, in a pale-grey "tailleur" and hat to match, had the thrill of seeing her husband win a race.

MISS PEEPS

Yorkshire Guests at a Yorkshire (Norman—Beckett) Wedding

Lord Feversham and the Hon. Anne Wood, who announced their engagement before Easter, were at Miss Prunella Beckett's wedding to Dr. H. B. Norman, at St. Gregory's Minster, Kirkdale, Yorks. Lord Feversham was best man

Mrs. Anthony Eden is Prunella Beckett's elder sister; her younger son, Nicholas Eden, was one of the two eighteenth-century-suited children who were the bride's only attendants

Mr. William Reeve and Miss Merial Dalrymple-White

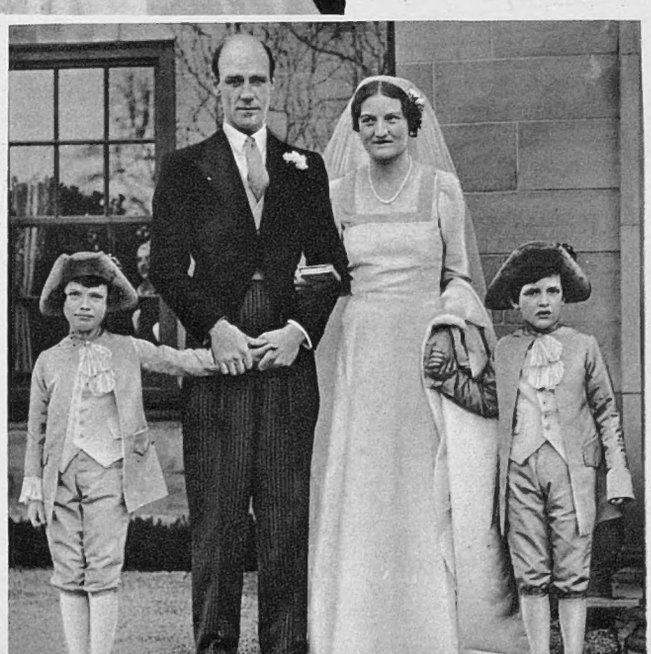
The Hon. Patrick Bellew and the Hon. Moya Beresford

Weddings of the Week

● *William Reeve, Grenadier Guards, is the only son of Captain John and the late Mrs. Reeve; Merial Dalrymple-White is Sir Godfrey and the Hon. Lady Dalrymple-White's only daughter; their wedding took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.* ● *Patrick Bellew and the Hon. Moya Beresford had their postponed wedding in St. Winifred's Chapel, Brompton Oratory. He is Lord Bellew's half-brother, and Moya Beresford is Lord Decies' twenty-two-year-old daughter.* ● *The wedding between Lord Reay and Charlotte Younger, the only daughter of the late William Younger and Mrs. Younger, took place at St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. Lord Reay is Chief of the Clan Mackay, and Baron Mackay van Ophemert, in Holland, where he has a large estate.* ● *Dr. Harry Bathurst Norman married Ann Prunella Beckett at St. Gregory's Minster, Kirkdale. The bride is the Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett's youngest daughter; she was attended by two nephews, Charles Worthington and Nicholas Eden. The Earl of Feversham was best man.* ● *Zalia Snagge is Sir Harold and Lady Snagge's daughter; she was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to Esmond Baring, son of the late Hon. Guy Baring and Mrs. Baring, and a cousin of Lord Ashburton*

Lord Reay and Miss Charlotte Younger

Below:
Dr. Bathurst Norman and Miss Prunella Beckett



Below:
Mr. Esmond Baring and Miss Zalia Snagge

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 17

Samuel Goldwyn

SAMUEL GOLDWYN looks like a Mittel-European abbot in the Mittel Ages. He has the same tonsure (though it is involuntary), the same long, monkish nose, the same short, squat figure, and the same kindly eyes. Born in Warsaw in 1884, he was left an orphan and emigrated at the age of eleven to the United States. Here he went straight to Gloversville, where he apprenticed himself to learn the glove business, into which he fitted exactly like a glove. For at the age of seventeen he was in charge of a factory employing over a hundred men, and within six years he was given an interest in the business. Whereupon looking around for new worlds to conquer, his eye alighted on the lights of Broadway. He built a theatre, long since torn down, and ran some shows with, however, only indifferent success, and by 1913 had made up his mind to go into the movies.

JESSE LASKY and he thereupon scraped together five thousand pounds between them and started business. Their first picture—it cost two hundred pounds—was *The Squaw Man*, with Cecil B. de Mille directing and Dustin Farnum starring. De Mille received twenty pounds a week and the studio was a disused stable. Seven years later Samuel Goldwyn (his name was altered by deed poll from Goldfish) brought about the five-million-pound Famous Players-Lasky merger, and became chairman. A year later he started his own Corporation, sold out at a heavy profit to Metro, and began again. Then in 1926 he tied up with United Artists as an independent producer, and a year later became an owner-member. All rather like an astute chemin de fer player passing the bank after winning three times and then running it again when the shoe came round once more.

MEANTIME, he had married his partner's sister, Jessie Lasky, been divorced, married again (this time to Frances Howard), and discovered Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky, and Gary Cooper. He was also responsible for the films claiming Charles Macarthur and Ben Hecht.

TO-DAY he has no financial partners (the only film magnate in the world to be in this happy position), tells his wife everything, believes that the main reason for his success is his reputation for integrity, and would like it if there were more honesty and less efficiency in Hollywood. It is, though, one of his nicest traits that he has a tremendous and genuine respect for the good work of his rivals. Sam Goldwyn never bears a grudge, for which his wife sometimes criticises him; hates too much make-up; has a positive obsession about diet; and reads all the London newspapers sixteen days late in Hollywood. Other characteristics are his affection for hats when they are twenty years old; a belief that chicken is the most acid food in the world; a fondness for backgammon; a fourteen handicap at golf; and a gift for losing his spectacles, tickets, and change whenever it is humanly possible.

HE is always most particular about his birthday being remembered, and quite childish about his Christmas present. His wife has to get it all wrapped up in ribbons and holly and put it under the Christmas tree at yelp of dawn on Christmas Day. And at all costs he must never be told what it is in advance. Grace Moore, knowing this, gave him two Christmas presents last year at her dinner-party, whereas all the other guests only had one. Sam was in the seventh heaven, even though one of the gifts was a silver cigarette-case—and he never smokes. But woe betide the servant who fails to keep it as polished and shiny as the day it was given him. Yes, Sam has kept all his youthful enthusiasms. Which, of course, is the real reason why he has contributed so much more to the screen than any other person alive. **Charles Graves**

Dorothy Wilding

Lillian Gish as "The Old Maid"

Last Monday was the night chosen for Lillian Gish's London stage debut, when *The Old Maid* opened at the Queen's after its provincial tour. The play is by Zoe Akins from Edith Wharton's famous novel, and played through a successful New York run. The English company has Carol Goodner and Irene Vanbrugh in it as well, and Leontine Sagan produced it. Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Pickford, and D. W. Griffith are the milestone names on Lillian Gish's road: she was a dancer in Bernhardt's company when she was seven, took the stage part Mary Pickford played in *East Lynne*, and was introduced by her to Griffith. He made her and sister Dorothy into great stars; their films, *Broken Blossoms*, *Way Down East*, and *Orphans of the Storm* belong to the high days of silent pictures. And now *Broken Blossoms* has just been made again, this time in an English studio, and with Dolly Haas in Lillian Gish's part

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"Marry in Haste . . ."

"Love from a Stranger" (New Theatre)

CAN Frank Vosper be working off on his admiring public a propaganda stunt? His play, *Love From a Stranger* shows so very clearly the evils that may arise from gambling; it is, for instance, because she won £10,000 in a sweepstake (nationality unknown) that Cecily Harrington (Marie Ney) receives the publicity that lays her open to the predatory designs of a certain class of criminal. However, be his object what it may, Frank Vosper has written a play that should have a great vogue with those who enjoy having their hair raised. He himself, as Bruce Lovell, develops the character of the sex-maniac who loves, loots, and kills with great subtlety. His start as a breezy Colonial who takes Cecily by storm is most convincing, and only by degrees do little signs and portents of his real nature appear, leading gradually to the horrible climax where wild outbursts of insanity alternate with a cold-blooded, relentless determination to kill yet another of the women he has loved.

MARIE NEY also gives a brilliant performance as his victim, though it is not altogether easy for her to appear the type of girl likely to be swept off her feet by a bold, buccaneering stranger. Still, she makes her sudden subjugation convincing and gives a wonderful impression of her slow awakening to the realisation that the man she has married is a notorious murderer, and that she is destined to be his sixth victim. The strength of her acting when she is at his mercy and tries to outwit him is a fine achievement. Though it all sounds like pure melodrama, it is really strangely matter-of-fact in its exposition, and until the final scene the horror is entirely latent.

Sketches by Rouson

And Marie Ney is Cecily Harrington, who determines not to leave Lovell a widower for the sixth time

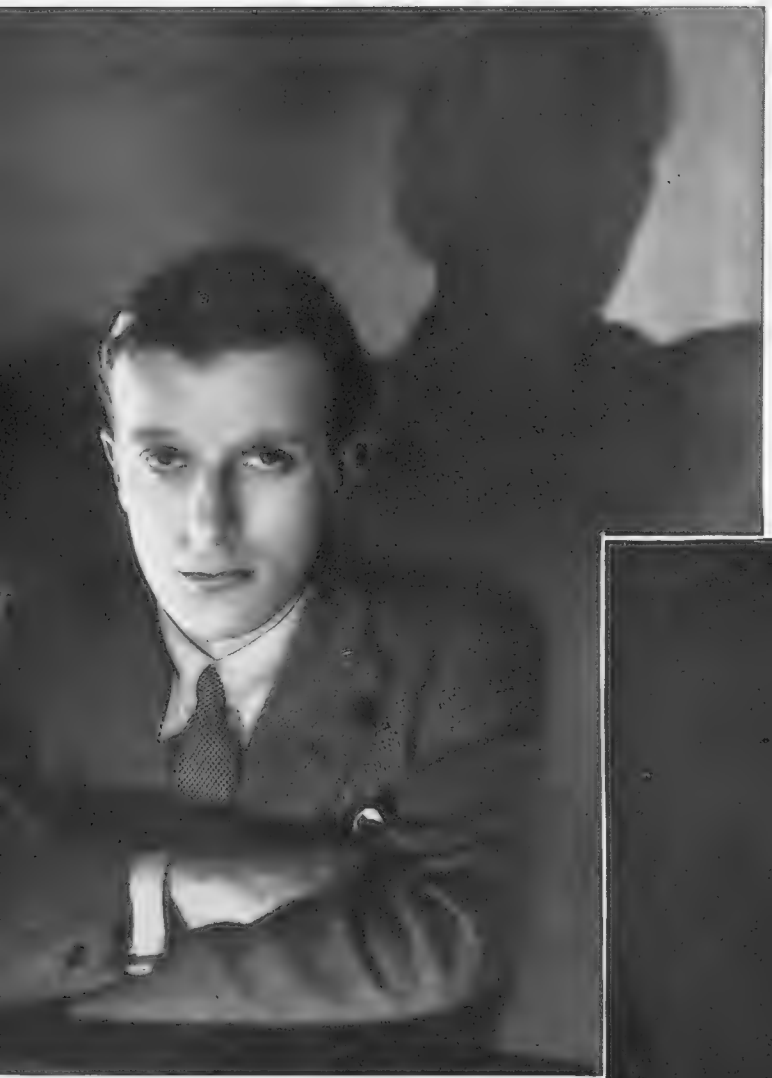
Frank Vosper is the adventurer, Bruce Lovell, who has already disposed of five wives

THE minor parts are well played, but not as well-drawn as the two principal ones, though an exception must be made in the case of Dr. Gribble, who is the perfect picture of a pleasant country practitioner, perfectly played by that very clever actor, S. Major Jones, who is always so absolutely in the skin of any part he takes that it is a pity he is not seen more often on the boards instead of devoting so much of his time to stage management. Muriel Aked, as the fussy, penny-counting Aunt Lulu, has not very good material, but with her it is manner that is ascendant over matter. Geoffrey King does what he can with the part of Nigel Lawrence, Cecily's jilted fiancé. By the way, it is rather disconcerting to find this pair visibly coming together again in a much too conventional end-of-the-play manner. Norah Howard is completely natural as Mavis Wilson, a poor part, rather the female prototype of what used to be known as "Charles his friend." The audience was intensely appreciative, and on leaving there was much chat to be heard of palpitations and thrills.

Interpreters of Shakespeare

The Two Guest Producers at Stratford - on - Avon

Photographs by Anthony



John Wyse

John Wyse is producing at Stratford-on-Avon for the first time this year, though his connection with the Festival as an actor dates back to 1933, and in 1934 and 1935 he played leading parts. His play is "Julius Cæsar" (he was a very fine Brutus in it last year), and he is responsible for the scenery as well as the production. Anyone who saw "Frolic Wind" at the Royalty this time last year must be interested in this young producer's work; it was brilliantly done, and his first job of the kind. He has been on the stage since 1923; his considerable Shakespearean experience includes a season or two at the Old Vic

Theodore Komisarjevsky

Komisarjevsky's "King Lear" had its first performance on Monday; it was expected to be as boldly original and impressive a production as his "Merchant of Venice" was two years ago. Dresses and setting are his as well, the latter being a broad, sweeping flight of steps leading to a throne—an interesting contrast to the vista-ed square pillars of the Old Vic production. Komisarjevsky is now a naturalised Englishman and has lived and worked here, with intervals in France and Italy (where he was born) since 1919, when he ceased to be director of the Moscow Imperial and State Theatres. "Musical Chairs," "Fräulein Elsa" (which he adapted for England), "Escape Me Never," "The Maitlands" are a few of his more recent productions. He is one of the great ones of the theatre, a writer, historian and philosopher as well as a brilliant producer, and has published half - a - dozen books in English. He married Peggy Ashcroft as his second wife

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham-Lewis

ERNEST NEWMAN, music's Pontifex Maximus, gets a good mark from us for a recent thumbnail sketch in the *Sunday Times* of Rachmaninoff beginning a recital: "Looking taller, gaunter, and weary-Willier than ever, he comes on the platform like the condemned man mounting the scaffold. He looks at the piano with as much distaste as if it were the headsman's block. Then, apparently deciding that the thing will have to be gone through with" [gone through with by for what, Mr. Newman?] "he lays his hands on the abhorred object; and for the next half-hour or so we get piano-playing that makes the best that many other leading pianists can give us look merely second-rate."

This, in our experience, isn't a pose. Many pianists deeply hate the piano. Anyone remember charming Margaret Cooper at the Palace just before the war? She used to hate and despise her piano and her audience about equally and treat 'em like dirt, drifting across to the instrument with her dainty nose contemptuously in the air, cold, aloof, ignoring it and everybody. Last time we saw Cortot glaring at the keyboard it looked to us as if he were going to give the thing a kick in the slats at any moment. Mark Hambourg used not to mind the way pianos carry on, but nowadays at the first sign of any funny business he just knocks 'em out stiff with a crashing right-and-left. George (Rhapsody in Blue) Gershwin treats his piano blandly enough in public, but they do say he uses hot pokers and revolvers to break its spirit behind the scenes. Most pianists have lined faces because of all this, and no wonder.

Footnote to Above

THEY also have their compensations. A classic example is that of the famous Victorian pianist—we forget who—visiting a small German court. A Very Exalted Personage kept his boiled blue eyes fixed on the artist with a fascinated glare. After his recital the artist hinted deferentially that he was proud to have held the Very Exalted attention like that. "Ach, Gott, yes," said the Very Exalted, nodding. "You sweat more than any bianist I haf efer pefore seen."

Farmer's Glowery

ACCORDING to Lord Bledisloe, New Zealand is the Farmer's Paradise, which we doubt very strongly. For electricity is cheap there, labour is plentiful and efficient, the Government makes generous advances on mortgage, crops are fine and luxuriant, pasture is rich, dairying is highly profitable, and the climate is perfect; and so the New Zealand farmer has nothing to grouse angrily about, which must drive the poor old hayseed mad. It 's hell for the farmer when the climate 's just right, to begin with. When we lived in the country we soon grasped the great basic truth of farming—namely, that no farmer is happy unless faced with immediate ruin, whether from too much rain, sun, heat, cold, dry, damp, or the 57 other things which make farmers miserable, and we defy G. S. ("Farmer's Glory") Street to controvert this. A farmer without a long, dismal face, whiskered or not, strikes a false and quite horrible note in English village life, with its sunny humdrum routine of arson, rape, poison, assault, vendetta, homicide, and suicide.

In his London club Mr. Street is the most genial of men, often wreathed in smiles, but we bet he isn't like that down on his farm. The natives would murder him. The only person connected with agriculture we ever saw who smiled while actually on the land was the bailiff of a rich friend of ours who took up farming as a hobby. When our friend had thrown it up, poorer by some thousands, we understood why his bailiff (now retired and owning streets of houses) looked so carefree.

Contretemps

ABOUT the nearest modern approach to Ivan the Terrible being the American speed-cop, we were interested to see that one of them met his Waterloo the other day down in Maryland. Bawling ominously at some sort of wop driving a high-speed car to pull over to the kerb and take what was coming to him, he found it was the Persian Minister, Ghaffar Khan Jalal. This didn't worry the speed-cop much, because he 'd never heard of diplomatic status and didn't give a darn anyway. However, following an animated little roadside scene, Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, has apologised, the cop has been given hell, and the Persian Minister has been recalled from Washington by his indignant Government. According to the *Times* this incident was merely the culminating annoyance of a series of slighting references to Persia in the American Press, over which Mr. Hull rather pathetically explained that he has no control at all.

That statement must have seemed to Ghaffar Khan Jalal like pure lunacy. They have, or had, a method of bringing people to reason in Persia which seems quite adaptable to fractious newspaper-boys—the method called "gutch." As described to us some years ago by a man who knew Persia, it consists of placing the refractory citizen in a hollow pillar, packing the remaining space tightly with plaster of Paris, and soaking thoroughly. The plaster swells and the citizen is soon very sorry he was naughty.

Knowing the Omar Khayyám Club to have strong affinities with Persian life and literature, we once asked a

"Academy, sir? What, you and *the Quins?"*

member if they ever use this method on guests who bore them after dinner. He said, rather sadly, "No."

Blount's the Word

WHAT with Alex Jackson the footballer discussing in the *Dispatch* the other Sunday the twins his wife is about to have—she was recently X-rayed—and what with Martha Blount going to have a baby in the *Express* and describing her experiences and exercises week by week, things have taken a pretty intimate, not to say obstetric turn, and we hardly know where to look, we're that confused.

What adds to our genteel confusion is that the *Express*, which generally adheres to the coy and hallowed Fleet Street formula "a certain condition," lets Martha Blount come out boldly with the plain English word. We'd rather like to have H. L. Mencken's views on this lapse from suburban propriety. In his celebrated treatise, *The American Language*, he printed a long list of sanctified puritan euphemisms favoured by the Press, most of which are in use in Fleet Street equally. A good laugh some of 'em are, too. Especially if you know some of the Fleet Street boys in high places who insist on 'em.

What makes us laugh equally is the assumption of the more emancipated Press boys, when they do make a daring little dart now and again at bluntness, that they're being terribly modern. Actually they're going back to the Middle Ages, which dealt in reality, free and unashamed. Look up what the terrible monk Odo of Cluny said in a famous sermon about women—it's probably your favourite bedside reading—or look at some of the exterior carvings of (for example) the Cathedral at Bourges, and you'll see what we mean.

Nize Baby

A FILM-producer having just made a film out of Marie Bashkirtseff—the famous girl who went all spotty with introspection and egocentricity, and kept an anguished journal—and made rather an issue of her brief but hectic affair with Guy de Maupassant (a cave man if ever there was one), one of her descendants has asked the French authorities to ban the film. Other people have just as much right to make a fuss, in our opinion. Marie had a yen for falling madly in love with the great, some of whom she never met, and writing and writing. One of these great was the Duke about whom she frantically uttered and wrote down the well-known prayer beginning: "Oh, God, give me the Duke of Hamilton."

She never got him, but that's the sort of girl she was, rather hysterical and soul-sick and tiresome, though physically attractive. If she'd lived fifty years later she might have mingled with the D. H. Lawrence gang and had some lovely afternoons of agony and petulance. D. H. Lawrence would throw a cup of weak tea over her for not pitying him enough, and everyone would whimper feebly and be very flushed and feverish, and Lawrence would tear all his clothes off and slap some woman and rush away and climb a tree, sulking. Nice company, he was.

The obvious cure for these maudlin boys and girls is compulsory cricket. If we had our way—and every decent reader of *Wisden* must agree, including E. V. Lucas—we'd have 'em all at the nets with Hobbs

"What's the idea of these 'ere bars?"

and Hendren and Jardine. Before very long D. H. Lawrence for one would have forgotten all that hot-eared whining and self-pity and would be a bronzed hearty clean-cut chap hitting up a regular six, not sex, and laughing heartily. Oh, played, sir! Jolly good, sir! Oh, hard cheese, sir! Oh, jolly well swiped, sir! Stout feller! Straight-bat Lawrence, by Gad, and a finer sportsman never wielded willow!

Excuse this hysteria.

Nailing-a-Lie Dept.

"BEACHCOMBER'S" recent assertion that in the endeavour to build longer liners than the French our designers are using extensible elastic bows cleverly resembling real ones strikes us as frankly ridiculous. We do not believe a British shipbuilder would stoop to such subterfuge. A well-known shipbuilder said to us last week: "To act as alleged would be un-English in the highest degree." A marine architect's cousin said: "Even if Empire elastic were used, such behaviour would hardly be playing the game." A well-known woman novelist said: "Our heritage was not founded on such obviously deceitful methods, and I do not think such statements should be allowed to pass unchallenged." An elastic manufacturer said: "Until the statement is officially confirmed one can hardly judge of its desirability or the contrary." A member of the British Women's Temperance Association said: "The suggestion is revolting." A well-known don said: "Would Drake have stooped to such a thing? That is the question."

Apart from moral aspects, it is obvious that "Beachcomber" has been duped, probably by foreign agents. What happens if a big ship with elastic bows pulls at her anchor? She goes back with a snap, like a dress-tie on a stud. We can hardly see this happening in any decent country.

Iced Feet

DIPPING our finely-shaped nozzle ever and anon into high life, we keep our eyes and ears well open in order to miss no tips. By so doing we learned quite recently—it was at the Berkeley—that smart people aren't tying napkins round their necks any more. It's not considered "the thing," apparently, and while it's quite amusing we can't think what they do about the splashes, eh? However, we picked up something even more interesting at a smart restaurant the other night. A girl dining with a man slipped off her shoes and plunged both feet into the ice-bucket. This was to cool her feet, which were probably tired and aching. With her feet submerged and well iced she was able to resume that quick, gay give-and-take which is so fascinating in a beautiful girl of good family.

We asked the head-waiter if smart people with hot feet were using ice-buckets to any large extent. He said, "Yes; but only those who don't get their shoes from Crusher's, the home of dainty footwear on scientific principles." We said, "Oh?" and he said, "Yes. It is possible for a shoe to be the dernier cri in style and yet to be built on lines which deprive the wearer of foot-comfort. A Crusher shoe not only ensures the wearer permanent foot-happiness but that sense of social well-being which comes from knowing that one's footwear is of the dernier chic."

He walked away, then he came back and said confidentially: "Why not write to Crusher's for the free booklet *Meet Uncle Footjoy?*" We said we'd no special reason to; at which the head-waiter's face became suddenly suffused with rage and he said: "Well, damn you, then." We said, "What's all this?" and he said in a harsh voice: "The Crusher is a shoe in a million." We said "All right," and he said hoarsely, "Well, damn you!" and we never saw him again. We observed that by this time the ice-bucket girl had taken her feet out, and was drying them at the flame of a Crêpe Suzette lamp, chatting vivaciously meanwhile. By the way the head-waiter hung round smiling and bowing it was obvious that he wasn't angry with her as he was with us. It's all rather puzzling and we wish somebody would clear it up.

Rakes' Progress

NOW that women are to be allowed in the Athenæum—not in the club itself, of course, but in an annexe in Carlton Gardens—we hear there's more excitement in those hallowed halls than there's been since the memorable day A. A. Milne became a member and had to present a complete set of his works to the Library; since when the bishops, we're told, have been fighting like dogs for their turn with *Winnie-the-Pooh*.

The trouble comes from a group of rather restless dons who want the women to be allowed in the club dining-room so that members can jump on tables and drink champagne from a dainty shoe, amid shouts of "Vive l'Amoor!" It's the same group who some time ago wanted the bust of Minerva over the staircase replaced by one of Aphrodite. Pretty disgustin', it seems to us.

D. B. Wyndham-Lewis

"I can see pictures in the fire, George"

Debutantes Without Courts

And "Debudances" (sic) Without Mothers

By Miròn

THIS Court-less season will go on record as the summer revolution of 1936, when the mothers, many of them, agreed not to invite each other to dances but hand their duties over to the dinner-hostesses who will take their young flocks on to the debudance and, later, see each little one safely home. The limited convoy system will mean a big economy of effort and means, with more sitting, standing, dancing, drinking, eating, and breathing space. An affair of 300 will do the work of one of 500 (last year's Jubilee model). And already the snobby ones have murmured to each other, "Here is a way to avoid asking the Mothers We Don't Know, especially those who aren't giving dances themselves." So everyone is happy, especially the mothers, who need no longer sit up till dawn with their contemporaries night after night. Everyone happy—except the caterers . . .

THE NEW DANCE DEAL began in the subdued but hopeful days of early March, when the social twilight began to lift and the first mothers in black models drinking white ladies talked matters over and said, "No; there would be no large private balls this year, and the rule would be restricted—hence exclusive—dances in one's own house." If the dinner-hostesses would be responsible for bringing the daughters back—debutantes have keys in 1936—there was no point in cluttering up the small space with mothers and their partners. It marks a further stage in the revolution from the pre-war ball (to which guests of all ages were asked) to the debudance, the boy-and-girl function of the future. And, of course, the thought of saving strength and means for the demands of Coronation Year is already hanging about in the mental background. There is a lot to be said for the custom among those frugal Italian nobles of giving a really grand ball once in ten years and saving up for the next . . .

"Ring me up at the Monkey Club"

FROM WELBECK TO HOLLAND HOUSE the great houses are sending the most attractive collection of debutantes in ten years. Most of them will be plumed and presented another season, though the mothers' nightmare has been that the problem of arrears might be drastically solved by a monster summer garden-party on 1920 lines, which would not be so thrilling. In 1920 they polished off five years' accumulation of debutantes at a garden-party, where they ate their ice and said a little sadly, "We're registered: it counts officially." But everyone now hopes for autumn Courts or afternoon Drawing-rooms, a Victorian revival . . .

HATLESS, and at night with plaits added to their short hair, the newcomers of 1936 are pretty, well-behaved, and very Munich. They demand waltzes at every dance and are pained by the gaucherie of our native boys, those *debutants* of whom we hear so little and they expect so much. You see the young men standing dumbly at every deb tea, and when they reflect on foreign affairs they wish they weren't coming out at all. "This year's favourite is not elected yet, but 1935 voted for Lord Gerald Wellesley's son, Valerian . . ."

All the important girls are "caking" it on May 18th at the only big debutante ball specially worked up for them, when, as Maids of Honour, 174 strong, they pull in the giant birthday cake with 193 candles. Three stiff rehearsals remind them of the schools they so recently left. For they are younger than ever, and all of them seem to have been to Paris, Munich, or Florence. To Florence Miss L'Estrange, unaffected by sanctions, has returned from Brussels. And if you are so tactless as to cry out "*Heil!*" in any London ballroom this summer, force of habit will arouse a chorus of *heils*.

THE MOST SPORTING and almost the best dancer is Moyra Lubbock, Lord Avebury's sister, who rides her own horses and was second in the Bicester Ladies' Race. Yes, Mary Malcolm, Philippa Fitzalan-Howard, and the Marlboroughs' niece, Vivienne Kenyon-Slaney, are among

Preparing for Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball: "Are you 'caking' it this year?"

"Afraid I must take mother home now. It's her fourth cocktail-party to-day"

the three loveliest, but watch out for Lady Rossmore's girl, Betty Lee, whose eyes get bigger daily; Lady Enniskillen's dark, mysterious Sonia Syers (advanced Left views), and half-American Lady Camilla Acheson, very intelligent, slight figure, graceful neck, likes foreign travel, whose mother, Lady Gosford, gave an original supper-party of fifty for her at the San Marco . . .

Lady Bessborough, most distinguished of mothers, ex-Vicereine of Canada, slight but charming French accent, has tall and handsome Lady Moyra Ponsonby (record number of titled debutantes this year, reason unknown). Scarcity of twins, only one pair signalled so far, the Ladies Moyra and Cecilia Stopford. . . . Three cousins will be everywhere that matters, Lady Hillingdon's Ursula Mills, Lady de Trafford's Anne, and Lady Mary Gilmour's Vivienne, already mentioned.

The Duke of Portland's granddaughter, Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck, Lady Ilchester's daughter, Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, Lady Mayo's Lady Betty Bourke, and Lady Stonehaven's Ava Baird are others of importance . . .

THE BERRY DYNASTY—what is a season without a Berry?—is sending attractive Pamela Berry, stepdaughter of Lady Kemsley. . . . American-born Lady Esher will be seen taking turns with her husband chaperoning Nancy Brett, attractive and intelligent, with large eyes. . . . Another is Lady Astor's niece, Virginia Brand, half-Virginian (American papers, please copy). Bridget Smiley, cousin of Sir Hugh, is the most finished and artistic. . . . Gillian Strutt has charming sophisticated air, dances well. . . . Lord Denbigh's granddaughter is at the Dramatic Academy . . . and Lady Udny's Patricia is at the London Theatre Studio. . . . The David Margessons' Janet (fair and "Munich") is cousin to Lady Betty Montagu, deb sister of Lord Hinchingbrooke. . . . A Keppel once more, I am glad to report, Lady Bury's stepdaughter Cynthia, dark, Munich-finished. . . . Pamela Lloyd-Thomas will presumably do the season from the Embassy in Paris—and why not, in these days?

THE ADMIRALTY sends us Lady Monsell's Patricia, the Irish (both varieties) are sending big contingents, and Scotland is led once again by Lady ("Midge") Tweeddale with Lady Daphne Hay, who will be as popular as her sisters; and Lady Grant of Monymusk's Jean, yet another treasure from the House of Monymusk, piquant curly head . . . Northants sends Aurea Severne (robe-de-style type). . . . East Anglia—a land inhabited by Gurneys, Buxtons, Birkbecks, and Barclays, all living in large manors (names ending in "ham") surrounded by pheasants—sends us representatives of their Best Families, including the young Duke of Grafton's sister, Lady Mary Fitzroy, who has recovered, like so many others, from a Tyrolese winter. . . . Lucky Marjorie Duncan will have Harry Roy to play at her dance. . . . Lloyd George's granddaughter, Margaret Carey-Evans, will meet "Mr." Asquith's granddaughter, Laura Bonham-Carter. . . . Lord Edward Hay's Maryoth has attractive wavy hair and is Paris finished . . .

THE MONKEY CLUB, Mayfair's hostel for rich "working" girls, is also the deb's polytechnic, where she can learn plain or fancy sewing or cooking and/or tap-dancing, philosophy, and even (if very desperate) Byzantine architecture. It plays a valuable part and about fifty bed or board in this, the old Danish Legation in Pont Street. Terrified (male) lecturers arrive to do their stuff and depart. Very exclusive and well-run. . . .

The Debutante's Day this summer commences with fork and other luncheons—the Berkeley Buttery at one o'clock twitters like an aviary in springtime—and there is the revival of the deb-tea with the inevitable cocktail-parties, which range from impressive affairs, like Mrs. Baron's at Claridge's for pretty Millicent, to girlish affairs at home, with (I greatly fear) grocer's sherry on the dark landing and a radiogram in the drawing-room, mother having retired with a *Cachet Faivre* . . .

It is at such an hour that press-cuttings are shown, for some debutantes are as press-conscious as any Foreign Secretary . . .

At night there will be the dances, not so many as usual, but more crowded and appreciated in consequence. Always hostesses deplore "clashings," though with no reason, for London is large enough for three balls nightly, and on very few nights in 1936 will there be two dances. The "weaker" hostess fears her party may get "thin" about one in the morning, but the best insurance for her is to hire the best band and keep a good table . . .

ENVOI:

THUS THE SPRING TIDE of new hats, fresh young voices and unfamiliar new faces is sweeping into the dusty old places of Mayfair, renewing our social life, putting the old 'uns in their places, and making the shape of social things to come . . .

Sketches by Molly Bishop

"I've got a good Press this week"

Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton

The First Carton, by Sir John Martin - Harvey

Ronald Colman gives the performance of his career in the film M.-G.-M. have made of "A Tale of Two Cities"—even Sir John Martin-Harvey's most passionate admirers in the part he created thirty-seven years ago must admit he has a worthy successor. Elizabeth Allan plays Lucie Manette, a fine cast supports, Jack Conway directed. The film deserves to be at the Empire as long as "Mutiny on the Bounty" was

Films of the Day: By George Campbell

Ronald Colman Romps Home on Dickens

I AM just like you. I find the temptation to say, "I told you so" irresistible. Only a few weeks ago, in opposition to all the best critical opinion, I committed myself to the view that beneath all Ronald Colman's mannerisms lay a real, perhaps even a distinguished, actor. Behold, along comes *A Tale of Two Cities*, and the man regarded by many people as just an ageing juvenile suddenly emerges as a first-rate actor, playing Sydney Carton with a certainty and power that Sir John Martin-Harvey himself might be proud of.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES is terrific. Let me confess my shame and get it over: I am no Dickens fan. With two or three exceptions I have never been able to read his novels: he has always struck me, indeed, as a caricaturist first and a painter of human beings a long way afterwards. In print this attitude to life may be very funny. But the screen, like the stage, deals in flesh and blood; if the characters are not convincing, they are nothing. Some of the people in *David Copperfield*—W. C. Fields' Micawber, for instance, and Edna May Oliver's Betsy Trotwood—came to life; in most of the other Dickens films I have seen all the characters remained fantastic and intolerable; just "humours" and types as unreal and out-moded as Ben Jonson's.

I dare say the people in *A Tale of Two Cities* could be typed in much the same way—Innocence-in-Distress, Young Christian, the Sinner Repentant, and so forth; but somehow or other, despite the author's moralising and sentimentality, they persist in coming to life. That is why *The Only Way* was one of the most obstinate stage successes ever written, and that is why *A Tale of Two Cities* should be a terrific success on the screen.

MAKE no mistake about it. M.-G.-M.'s successor to *David Copperfield* and *Mutiny on the Bounty* has, in the American phrase, everything it takes. Here is good rousing melodrama of wronged proletarians and cold-blooded aristocrats, of kindly aristocrats and revolutionaries with blood in their eye. Here is fine bravura characterisation, slashing action, enough (but not too much) comedy relief, terrific spectacle (just see the storming of the Bastille), and as fool-proof a story of self-sacrifice as all fiction can offer. Pedants may well miss this or that—St. Evremonde's dirty work in the barn, and so forth. Lady Dickens herself could only complain that "De Farge" should have been "Defarge" to free the wine-seller of suspicion of being an aristocrat—surely never very acute.

EVEN if she's right, I still think the picture is pretty good. The acting is marvellous. M.-G.-M. have assembled one of the strongest casts ever seen, and it is a proof of Mr. Colman's increased stature as an actor that he bears comparison with any of them. His Sydney Carton is simple, sincere and wholly convincing. The fellow's early raffishness is amusingly suggested; we see his instinctive gropings for something worth living for under the influence of Lucie, and at the end we can believe that he has chosen the only way, without feeling the less moved by his sacrifice.

Elizabeth Allan and Donald Woods play Lucie and Charles Darnay adequately; but it is the character people (in which class I include Sydney Carton) who give the picture its distinction. Foremost among them is Blanche Yurka as Madame Defarge—as terrifying a creature as all literature or the screen can show. She is attended by a harridan (Lucille Laverne—seen on the West End stage as the pipe-smoking mountain woman in *Sun-up*), another superb characterisation. Mitchell Lewis, making a come-back, plays Defarge extremely well; Edna May Oliver makes an amusingly forthright Miss Pross, whose struggle with Madame Defarge has to be seen to be believed; and other parts are well played by Basil Rathbone, Henry B. Walthall, Tully Marshall, Walter Catlett, and Reginald Owen. Jack Conway has directed marvellously. One does not know which to admire more—the storming of the Bastille or the scenes at the place of execution, with the populace howling for blood. Altogether a notable production that brings prestige and dignity to the screen.

OPINIONS differ about *Follow the Fleet*. I thought it excellent entertainment. The story is no sillier than most, the songs are up to Irving Berlin's usual standard, the dancing of both Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers is incredibly agile, and the dialogue is as slick as Hollywood has yet given us.

This time Mr. Astaire is in the Navy, and none too pleased about it. One or two of his friends also find that seagoing cramps their love-life, and some of the funniest scenes are concerned with their rivalries ashore. I particularly liked the one where Mr. Astaire breaks up a flirtation by inducing the young woman (an actress) to rehearse a love-scene with him, while her admirer listens outside in the belief that their sentiments are spontaneous. In comedy such as this Mr. Astaire, with his sad, disillusioned smile, is at his best. His acting has improved and now few light comedians are his superiors in the art of putting over a good line. For that matter, the acting in *Follow the Fleet* is all good.

"KING OF BURLESQUE" is another light spectacular musical, in its way well done. Warner Baxter is a producer of burlesque—New York's crudest sort of girl-and-music show. He becomes ambitious, moves to 42nd Street, makes a success as producer of genuine musical comedy, meets a young woman in the Social Register, and is rash enough to propose marriage. She accepts and persuades him to put on something a bit classier, incidentally hiring her boy friend to sing. Audiences are bored stiff, he is ruined and she drifts off with the boy friend—not before her husband has socked him most gratifyingly on the nose.

I have dwelt on the plot, but it does not really matter much. The important things are that there are tuneful songs, breathless dances, and some good lines for the producer's right-hand man, Jack Oakie. No one can put them over better.

Vagabonding the Roads of France—
Desmond Tester as Asticot, Chevalier as Paragot

Betty Stockfield Plays Joanna, the English Girl

"The Beloved Vagabond"

Maurice Chevalier Makes His First English Film in a W. J. Locke Setting

"THE Beloved Vagabond" might have been written about Chevalier, so neatly has the part of Paragot fitted him. The film has been made partly in England and partly on the Riviera, and is one of the few bi-lingual pictures attempted by an English company. Betty Stockfield plays Joanna in both versions; Margaret Lockwood as Blanquette and Desmond Tester as Asticot belong to the English version only. Kurt Bernhardt, the famous German director, has been in charge of it, with Fritz Planer as camera-man, which all shows once more what a cosmopolis of cinema England has become

"What are you doing?" "Nothing, nothing—just fastening my shoe." Lovell (Frank Vosper) finds the tell-tale paper-cutting

"Aren't you going to read it, you unbusiness-like girl?" Cecily (Marie Ney) signs away all her money

Here's Bluebeard Again

Frank Vosper and Marie Ney in an Agatha Christie Thriller, "Love From a Stranger"

FRANK VOSPER has made as tense a thriller as the most blasé theatre-goer could want out of Agatha Christie's story, and gives a brilliant performance as the Bluebeard whose murderous mania discovers itself to his young wife and the audience much about the same time. Marie Ney is equally brilliant as the girl who marries this crazy sadist because she loves the normal man she believes him to be. By the time she's alone with her husband in a locked house she knows what he intends to do with her, and the last Act holds the story of her fight for time and her desperate bid for escape from the terror of his intention. *Love From a Stranger* is at the New Theatre and has an excellent supporting cast — an aunt (Muriel Aked) and a doctor (S. Major Jones) among them

Left: "It's that dawg, Mum. It's been at it again." The maid (Esma Cannon) supplies some of the humorous relief

"Oh, but perhaps there wasn't a alone with her murderous husban

Photographs b

" It's nothing. It's nothing. I just felt giddy for a moment." Lovell has a sudden heart attack

" What are you trying to find out ? Give me that book." Lovell gives himself away to his wife

horror in it for him." *Cecily, has to pretend she doesn't guess*

ohn Everard

" It's starting to paralyse you ; you can't move, you can't move ! " — The climax of fear and horror

Howard Coster

Maurice Elvey — Film-Director from Yorkshire

Did you see *The Tunnel*, *The Clairvoyant*, *Soldiers of the King*, or *The Wandering Jew*? They were some of Maurice Elvey's big talkies. Do you remember *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, *Mr. Wu*, *Hindle Wakes*? They were among his silent pictures, belonging to the dim days when English studios were outer suburbs to Hollywood. Elvey is one of the half-dozen directors who 've built the bridge between the two periods, making England at last into one of the world's film capitals. He was an actor till he was thirty-one, starting at eighteen in a Nottingham pantomime, acting for several years with Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, and finally becoming a stage director before the motion-picture industry caught his eye, during the war. In 1918 he began producing films for the Stoll Company; has worked in Hollywood, Berlin and France; left Gaumont-British last year to join Julius Hagen as director of productions, and is soon going to make another Orczy film. He was born in Darlington, married Isobel Elsom as his second wife, and his real name is William Seward Folkard

Decoration by Eric Fraser

"Bystander" Short Story No. 34

Piano

By Geoffrey Ford

It is a strange but nevertheless true fact that many of the greatest crises that arise in the lives of a man and a woman are very often accompanied by a singular lack of the expected emotional fireworks. Mark found this so when he bounded up the stairs with the roar of the departing taxi still in his ears and approached his wife's bedroom door with due stealth, intent upon surprising her. He paused before entering to give the ribbon that surrounded the roses a final tweak. It certainly would be a surprise, for it was the first time in half a dozen years that he had remembered Kay's birthday, and that by accident, for it was only because the doorkeeper at the Strutton Hall had asked how Mrs. Brand's cold was progressing that the significance of the date had returned to him. However, this was a sop for the moment and he could write her a cheque later. He opened the door very softly. So softly, in fact, that she never heard the flowers drop to the floor.

"Going away?"

His quiet voice stilled all movement in the woman bending over the half-filled suit-case, and for a long moment the softly-lit room held its cramped air of arrested animation. Mark leaned against the door-jamb, only his eyes roving about the confusion of clothes, the open cabinet, the pile of etceteras upon the dressing-table and the two other cases already fastened and strapped. Kay looked up at him without fear, only seeking to analyse what was going on behind the half-awake eyes, wondering how this gentle creature would react to a situation that is apt to overstrain chivalry and good breeding in even the most kindly of husbands.

"You gave me a fright, Mark. I never heard you come in," she said.

"It 's the carpet—the pile 's too thick. But you haven't answered my question."

(Continued on page 156)

As he opened the door a bell rang in the hall below

Piano *(Continued from page 155)*

"Well, it's pretty obvious, isn't it? But I'll be frank enough to tell you that I didn't expect you home quite so soon to-night. I believe that's the correct thing to say when one is caught in this distressing situation. I'd hoped to spare you at least the doubtful pleasure of watching me pack. However, since you're here, you might be a lamb and pass me that comb."

MARK felt the desperately urgent need to say something that would stop this remorseless business, some strong winged words that would check the landslide that, far from engulfing him, threatened to leave him in thin air. Instead, he found himself saying, "You can't take that—it's mine." But he crossed the room and dropped the comb into the open case. He did not look at his wife, but took up her portrait that stood upon a small table and stared at the grave loveliness; a beauty of which even the most celebrated photographer in London had failed to catch more than a ghost. He put it down and wandered about the room, picking up this and that, finally seating himself upon the foot of the bed, from which vantage point he watched the case slowly filling beneath her deft hands.

"I'm a little in the dark, you know," he said. "I mean, as the one that's being walked out upon, don't you think that some sort of an explanation might be forthcoming?"

Kay paused, a shimmering trifle of lace-trimmed crêpe-de-chine in one hand, and stared at him across the rose circle of lamplight.

"I remember one evening when I went to hear you play, Mark. It was in Vienna, and when you finished and the audience rose to their feet in that mad clamour of applause, as they always do, and, I suppose, always will, when you play, you came to the footlights and blew me a kiss. We were going to be married in the following week and I thought that all the stars in heaven were falling into my lap." She tucked a hair-brush into the case. "But they weren't. It took about six months to make me realise just what a wife meant, or didn't mean, to you. Then, as now, you were in love with another woman—a great shining black woman with ivory teeth—your piano. *Her* voice is the only one that matters to you. Whenever you touch me you make me feel as if I'm a treble clef instead of a woman." She snapped the case shut, pushed it aside, and dragged forward the last empty one.

"Nothing matters except your music," she continued. "It never occurs to you that I get sick and lonely of this great house that's never free from the sound of Brahms and Beethoven. Concerts, recitals, rehearsals fill your time, and weird, neurotic genii fill my house until I never see you alone, and I know in my heart that it makes no difference to you whether I'm here or not. Only yesterday that Sibley woman gushed at me: 'How wonderful for you, my dear, to sit at the feet of the master, as it were!' I felt like telling her that you were only noticed when 'the master' tripped over you." She crammed a small felt hat savagely into the bag.

"Good heavens, look at you now! You don't even trouble to enquire whom I'm running away with!"

"I can guess," he said quietly. "Steven."

She did not reply for a moment, and then said very softly and listlessly: "Yes, Mark—it's Steven."

MARK said nothing for a little while, but absently traced the pattern of the figured walnut bed-end with one finger.

"Steven." He almost whispered the name. "Do you remember when you and he and I had supper that night three years ago just before he left for Brazil? He was a bit lit at the time, and he told me in private that he wasn't much good at laying off anything he wanted very much and that I'd better look to my laurels. He said it jokingly, and I took it in good part in spite of its bad taste, because one doesn't attach great importance to a friend's remarks after a large quantity of champagne, especially when you've known him for fifteen years." He laughed shortly. "It seems that he hasn't had such a long time to wait, after all."

Kay started to speak and then realised that there was nothing she could say.

"This isn't just a scare, I suppose?" he asked. "I mean, you're not just using a rather cruel method to bring me to my senses, as it were? If so . . ."

As if in answer to his query came the sound of a car pulling up outside. Mark knew the tone of the engine as well as he knew the car's owner.

"He's here now. So it—is—true?"

"Oh, Mark! Why couldn't you have made things different? I'm not naturally a quitter, and I don't think I shall ever love anyone again this side of heaven as I've loved you, but you kill it—kill it. I've wanted so much to be happy with you, but it seems that I didn't marry a man—I married a great black piano that fills my life with its booming strings. It never occurred to you, I suppose, that I, too, was something that could be brought to life—something that you could make blossom and sing and live as you make that ebony horror live. I'm a stranger and an intruder in this house. You can't have two loves, Mark—not two women living amicably under the same roof, and there's something damnably feminine about that piano downstairs. During the last six months it seems to have realised that I was fighting a losing battle, for every time I pass it it seems to grin at me with its white teeth. It's

(Concluded on page ii.)

Social Courage

By Rose Henniker Heaton — No. 6

Colonel and Mrs. A. have bought a country place in Loamshire. It has always been a source of grievance to Mrs. A. that during the five years they have been living there the chief land-owners, Lord and Lady X. have taken no notice of them

One day at the local station Colonel A. meets Lord X's agent, who says to him: "Hulloa, my dear fellow! We are short of a gun on Tuesday and Lord X. would be so glad if you will come along"

Colonel A. replies: "I'm not quite certain about Tuesday. May I ring you up when I get home?"

He goes home and consults his wife

Query. What is his telephone message?

Theatre, Restaurant and Dance-Hall

The London Casino : An Original Venture

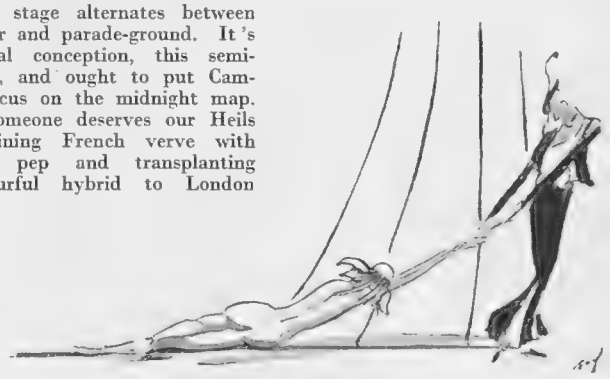
Dancing on the Stage is Almost as Good as a Play

Boxes make Semi-Private Dining-Rooms

Two Orchestras Play for Cabaret Turns

THE London Casino (Prince Edward's Theatre that was) opened its glittering halls three weeks ago, and the novelty of setting and entertainment has already made it London's number one night-life playground. A company from New York gives a Parisian entertainment—inevitably referred to as "daring"—Jack Harris' two bands play for dancing, and the character of the cabaret is reflected in the excellent and exotic cuisine. Boxes and dress-circle hold the diners, while the stage alternates between dance floor and parade-ground. It 's an original conception, this semi-conversion, and ought to put Cambridge Circus on the midnight map. At last someone deserves our Heils for combining French verve with American pep and transplanting the colourful hybrid to London

Dancers can See the House—and Vice Versâ



The Dresses in the Show are Magnificent

The "Bystander" Bookshelf : By Alan Thomas

Miss West's Brilliant Novel

It isn't often that one comes across a novel so distinguished by its wit and intelligence as Miss Rebecca West's *The Thinking Reed* (Hutchinson ; 8*s.* 6*d.*). Her heroine is a delightful, young and rich American widow, who takes as her second husband a French manufacturer of motor-cars, so successful that "his very name had passed from him to the article he manufactured. A Sallafranque was no longer a man, but a cheap car." Physically grotesque, he was given to comic violence that exhibited itself in kicking a waiter's behind or taking a pile of plates from a waiter and dealing them like cards on the floor around him. "It was impossible to think of him without laughter, but the laughter was always kind, for he was so good, so generous, so guileless." Isabelle, fundamentally controlled and temperate, with an ineptitude for any sort of violence, is his antithesis. In Marc and Isabelle Miss West has created two very human characters who come alive and whose love for one another is entirely convincing.

The chief obstacle to their happiness is not the difference in their nationalities or temperaments, but—and here is the moral of Miss West's story—their fabulous wealth. Like a millstone round their necks it drags them into a world inhabited by people who have all "taken vows of wealth, unchastity and disobedience to all standards." They are, Isabelle finds, "catarrhal with affection ; whether they were French, Russian, English or American, endearments flowed from them like rheum from an irritated mucous membrane."

But Miss West has excelled herself in her portraits, etched in with acid, of the Lauristons, the type of English aristocrats who, vain and bad-mannered, with an unshakable belief in their non-existent family charm, look upon the foreigners they meet as potential renters of their deer forests, or providers of jobs for their indigent relations.

Miss West does not make clear why it was essential that Marc and Isabelle should mix with harpies, wantons, gamblers and crooks. I can hardly believe that so intelligent a couple would have resigned themselves to the company of such people. Cannot the rich in France choose their friends ? Small wonder that in this galère the marriage of Marc and Isabelle very nearly founders. That one is glad it does not is a tribute to the author's ability to conjure up likeable as well as hateful people. Almost every page of this book contains passages of wisdom, wit and beauty. It is a pleasure to read.

Hans Duffy's new book, *Lucasta's Wedding* (Duckworth ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a novel of atmosphere rather than of plot. Lucasta's set were scarcely an admirable crowd. She thought of them herself as "Harry the crook, Ranny the prig, Lady Mottisfont the humbug, Uncle Oswald the snob, Angela the adventuress, Mrs. Cowley the fool, herself as the daughter of a forger." No wonder she felt that the sooner the human race died out the better. But Ranny, who is Lord Mottisfont's son and heir, has proposed to her and she has accepted. The question is, shall she marry him ? It is against all her wishes that she should. . . . I leave it to you to find out what happened.

The writing has a certain wit and sprightliness, and the author knows how to handle her material—a set of people "like the Emu's egg, expensive but worthless."

If you like reading about someone who has "gone places and done things," I recommend Mr. George W. Houghton's book, *The Adventures of a Gadabout* (Selwyn and Blount ; 10*s.* 6*d.*). In September 1926, when Mr. Houghton was just twenty-one, he and a journalist friend fixed up with a well-known daily newspaper to supply a series of articles headed "Round the World on a Five-pound Note." The two adventurers were handed a fiver and off they went, on the understanding that they were to live on their wits, working at whatever jobs were offered to them. They lived on their wits all right but they did not get round the world. They fetched up on the French Riviera and there they stayed. They managed to scrape a living "in this way, that way, and the other way" (as one of our eminent statesmen might say). We see Mr. Houghton as a beach-artist, a barber, a whitewasher of cellars, a sketcher of ladies' handbags for advertisement purposes, an odd-job man on a strip of beach known as the Pyjama Playground, caricaturist and circulation-manager of a newspaper called *Continental Life*, and thereafter editor of the *Nice Times*. Meanwhile he found time, as he puts it, "to commit marriage."

Mr. Houghton writes with ease and sparkle and is always entertaining. He illustrates his book with some excellent sketches. He has "never been content," he tells us, "to spend life in boredom and mediocrity. . . . Let us desire the things that are worth while and take a chance in order to get them."

I have just been looking through *Alexander and Angling*, by R. Sinclair Carr, alias "Salfario" (Chatto and Windus ; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Being fond of fishing, yet hardly daring to call myself a fisherman, I always enjoy reading about the sport, and I particularly enjoyed Mr. Carr's stories. In this book he discusses everything from Greenhearts to an angler's conscience, and now and again Alexander, the Water Bailiff, chips in with a story. A very pleasant book, and having read it I can truthfully echo the words of the old Scots angler : "I 've no killet a troot the day, but, mon, a 've lairnt a bittee."

For light reading I prescribe *Mrs. Feather's Diary*, by Jeanne de Casalis (Heinemann ; 5*s.*). You might not have guessed from her wireless talks that Mrs. Feather kept a diary. But she does, and I hope she goes on with it. Life's little problems are treated in the true feather-brained manner, and I guarantee that a dose taken regularly every evening will keep the patient happy. This is one of the funniest books I have read for a long time. A sure cure for the blues.

I see, by the way, that a new edition has just been published of Robert Graves' book on *The Future of Swearing* (Kegan Paul ; 3*s.* 6*d.*). This "critical monograph," which originally appeared nine years ago under the title of *Lars Porsena*, has now been brought up to date and contains much curious information as well as some capital anecdotes and a good many hints on the way to express your feelings.

Cruising

Mr. St. John Ervine, Miss Annie S. Swan and Mr. H. V. Morton have left England on the Letitia for a cruise to Greece and the Holy Land with the Hellenic Travellers' Club. St. John Ervine's play "Anthony and Anna" is still running at the Whitehall ; H. V. Morton will be re-visiting the places about which he wrote in "In the Steps of the Master"

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Tailored suits in plain or printed silk are prominently featured by many designers this season, including Jay's of Regent Street, who are showing the model on the left which may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor. It is made in navy blue silk crêpe with a cloque surface, printed with grey marguerites. The colours are reversed in the pale grey jumper with short puff sleeves and flowers at the neck. Wide revers distinguish the short coat which curves in at the waist, and has link fastenings, while the panelled skirt flares slightly at the hem. It is also available in black and grey, the price being 10½ guineas. Ensembles in fine wool with elaborately tucked swagger coats and straight skirts are moderately priced at 6½ guineas, but all those who are interested should write for the illustrated spring catalogue which will gladly be sent gratis and post free

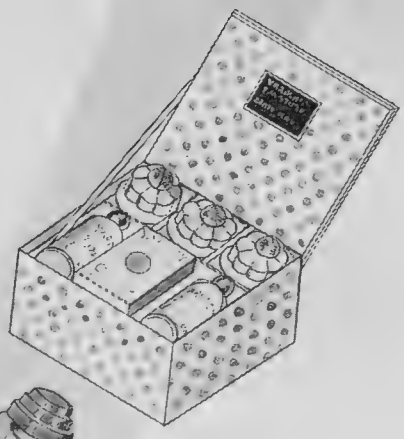
Shall We Play Singles Or Doubles?

The tennis season will soon be in full swing, and the question of what to wear is confronting many players. Lillywhites of Piccadilly Circus, who specialise in sports clothes of every description, have designed the models sketched on this page. Starting from the left is a "shorts" dress in fine "slub" linen, with buttons either side and gored "shorts." It costs 52s. 6d., and is made in white, navy, and pastel shades. The high neck, by the way, is outlined with hand veining, which is decorative and smart. Next to it is a sleeveless Tricoline frock for 30s., with turn-back collar and revers. It opens down to the waist and has double box-pleats in the skirt

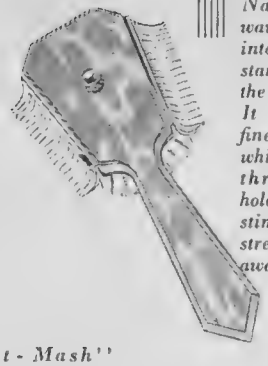
A top coat for wearing before and after playing, is equally necessary, so Lillywhites have designed the one on the right above. It is made of camel-hair cloth, cut on swagger lines with raglan sleeves, a turn-down collar, and curved patch pockets. Lined throughout with silk, it costs 6½ guineas, and is made in several colours. The seated figure is wearing white flannel "Skorts," so called because they are a cross between "shorts" and a skirt. They are beautifully cut to give a trim hip-line, and cost 35s. Needless to say, they are delightfully comfortable, since they afford complete freedom. The wool cardigan sweater which accompanies them only costs a guinea. It has short sleeves and is knitted in ribs

The BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

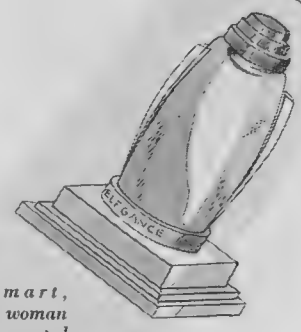
Discovered by Peta; Pictured by Pam.



A delightful week-end beauty box has been designed by Yardley's, containing samples of their "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" preparations. It costs 5s. 6d., and contains day, night, and foundation creams, two lotions, lipstick, and five shades of powder

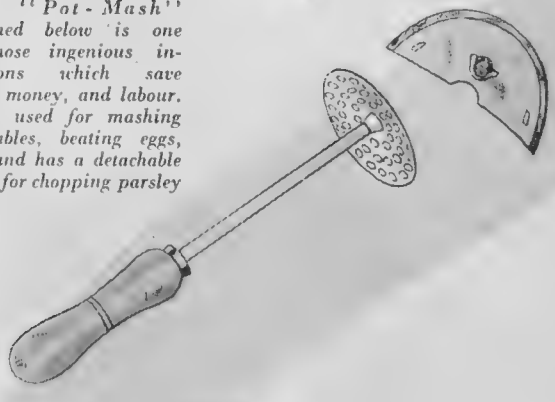


Natural luxuriant waves can be coaxed into existence by constant brushing with the new "Bruscomb." It is endowed with fine curved teeth which pass right through the hair, holding it taut, thereby stimulating the blood-stream and sweeping away all trace of dirt



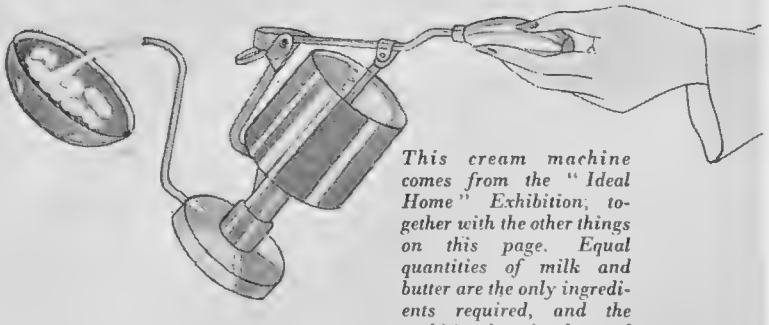
For the smart, sophisticated woman Yardley's have created a new and enchanting perfume called "Elegance." It has a lingering, sparkling fragrance, and is available in decorative containers with gilt stoppers for 7s. 6d.

The "Pot-Mash" sketched below is one of those ingenious inventions which save time, money, and labour. It is used for mashing vegetables, beating eggs, etc., and has a detachable knife for chopping parsley



Blemishes of the skin frequently arise from a sluggish circulation which requires stimulating. Daily massage with the Aqua Vibro vibrator sketched on the left, will do this and smooth away wrinkles. It is entirely worked by water and can be attached to any household tap

With the aid of human hands all sorts of antics are performed by this monkey, christened "Jubilee" after the favourite pet at the Zoo. It is hollow like a glove, and costs 3s. "Boo-boo," the mother, is also available, accompanied by her various relations



This cream machine comes from the "Ideal Home" Exhibition, together with the other things on this page. Equal quantities of milk and butter are the only ingredients required, and the making is simple and speedy. The cost of a pint of home-made cream is roughly sevenpence

Children's Corner

Four of Debrett's Young Entry

Photographs by Kathleen Iddon

David Greville, Lord Brooke

The Hon. Alexander Thynne

The Hon. Caroline Cust

Brian Butler, Viscount Ikerrin

● *David Greville, Lord Brooke, is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, and he will be two years old next month. His father succeeded in '28, and married Rose Bingham three years ago.* ● *Alexander Thynne is the eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Weymouth; he is four this year, and a grandson of both the Marquess of Bath and Lord Vivian. He has a younger brother, Christopher John, and an eight-year-old sister.* ● *Caroline Cust is eight years old, the daughter of Lord and Lady Brownlow. Her father is sixth Baron, and his second child, a son, was born three or four weeks ago.* ● *Brian Butler, Viscount Ikerrin, is the only child of the Earl and Countess of Carrick. His father became eighth Earl in 1931, a year after his marriage. Lord Ikerrin will be five next August*

Dolcis have achieved the greatest fashion coup of many a year. Dolcis bring to London the largest collection of Fifth Avenue shoe styles ever assembled in Europe.

On one vast floor . . . the American Floor . . . of this new super store in Oxford Street smart Londoners will find the most remarkable selection of exclusively New York styles . . . all those styles that will please the discriminating woman . . . all the fittings, flexibility and comfort that make American foot smartness so deeply envied.

Each of these beautiful shoes is hand-lasted and looks hand-made. Yet many of them cost as little as 18/9, although there are others at all prices to four guineas. Thus by a price latitude to meet everyone, Dolcis make this great "New System" American fashion service complete.

On the floor below are shoes of yet another type, the last-moment styles of the Continent. Still another floor is given to Dolcis shoes of English make known throughout the land for their style, excellence and value.

Shopping for smartest shoes . . . American, English and Continental . . . will now become shopping at Dolcis, Oxford Street.

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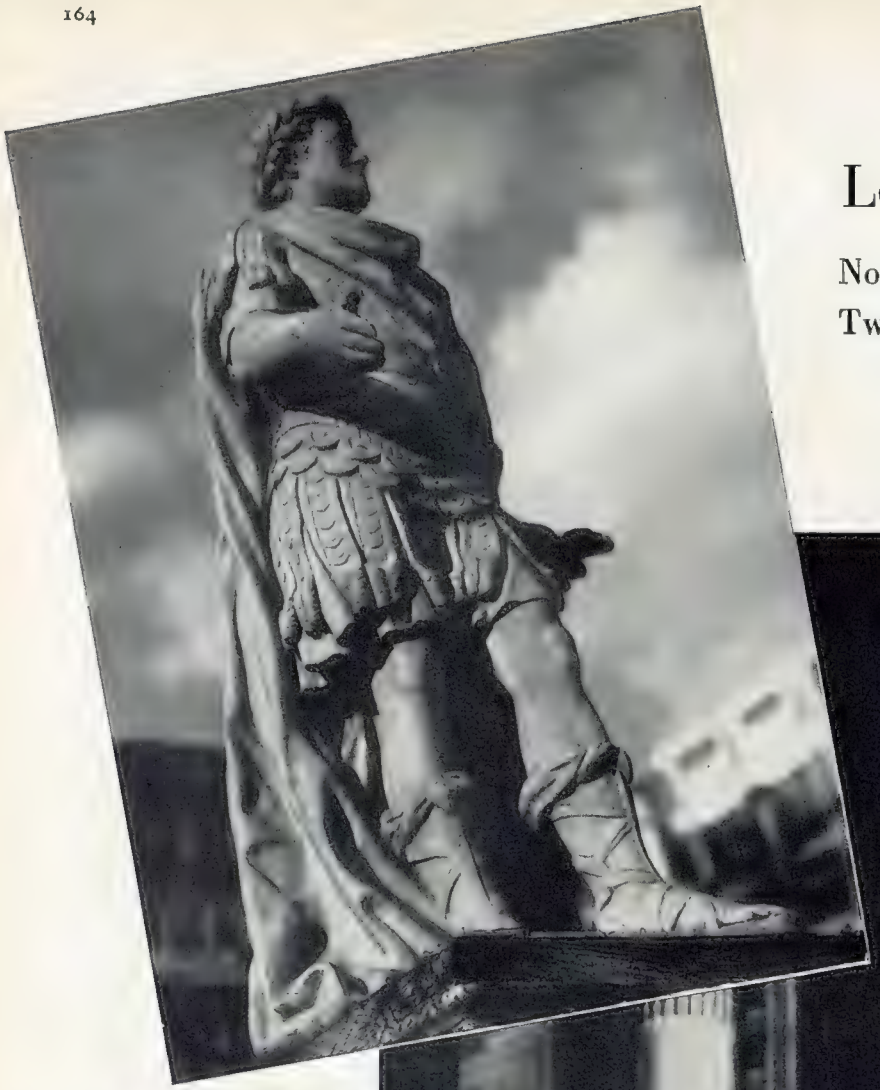
London Monuments

Nos. 2 and 3. The Road to Rome: Two English Kings Wear the Toga

Photographs by Norman Parkinson



George II

By John van Nost

Where's George? In Golden Square, where he's stood since 1753, given to the nation by an unknown donor. Except that he came between George I. and George III., and was King during the 'Forty-Five, there's little the average person could suggest as reason for his being there at all. Charles Dickens didn't like the statue—he called it "mournful . . . guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs"

James II. stands on the west front of the Admiralty which is at least appropriate since he was a sailor before he was King. He has, however, only been there since 1903, having been moved from Gwydyr House, and before that from Whitehall Yard where he was set up originally in 1686. The statue is cast in brass and brought, with its pedestal, £300 to Gibbons, paid to him by Tobias Rustat, Keeper of Hampton Court and Yeoman of the Robes to Charles II

James II: *By Grinling Gibbons*

SMART TO HER FINGER TIPS

Fashionable women insist on gloves that are distinctive, and no matter how long or how short your sleeves, you must be smart to the finger-tips. These styles are the last word in glove chic, and you'll never find equally beautiful productions at such moderate prices.

Short fancy French kid Gloves, selected leather, finished with trimmed bars of leather across, finished at both ends with small bows. In silvertone, new pink, pale blue and apricot beige.
Per pair **18/9**

Reynier quality best kid, selected, one dome fastener, trimmed bow effect. In black, navy, grey and light beaver.
Per pair **15/9**

Short fancy French chevrette kid, turn-back cuff, knot effect, with button. Silvertone, black trimmed red or white, all white, black and putty.
Per pair **16/9**

FASHION GLOVE WEEK

APRIL 27
TO MAY 2

Six-button length "Mexico" sac French kid, trimmed with button and loop effect on back. In black and navy.
Per pair **23/9**
Could be made specially in other colours.

Reynier's selected quality French suède, new pleating effect. In black, cinnamon, pastel.
Per pair **21/-**

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Cameras and Clubs at Le Touquet

Above: the camera-man is Capt. Bobby Cunningham-Reid, and his stars are Miss Gold, Mr. W. Miesegaes, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Mrs. Gustaaf Miesegaes and her husband. The Miesegaes brothers are Dutch, but Mrs. Miesegaes is English

Mr. and Mrs Ronald Quilter went to Le Touquet for their golfing Easter; he is the late Major Eustace Quilter's son, and she was Doreen Parker

Sir Robert and Lady Renwick

Left: another Le Touquet snapshot is of the Robert Renwicks, who have an attractive house at Kingston Hill and four children. Lady Renwick was Dorothy Parkes

The Great Cold Easter Outdoors

Below: Lady Linlithgow made her last public appearance before she sailed for India at the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire point-to-point, when she presented the prizes. Mrs. Alec Johnston won the Ladies' Race on her Trespass; her husband won three out of the four Hunt races

The Bembridge Sailing Season Opened

In the dinghy going out to sail the Bembridge Club boats are Miss Jean Cochrane, Mrs. Woodroffe, Miss Mary Campbell, Sir Charles Campbell's daughter, and Major and Mrs. J. F. Hare. Mrs. Hare was Diana Woodroffe before her marriage last autumn, and is Mrs. Woodroffe's step-daughter

Tennis at Melbury

Sir Stewart Stewart Clark and Lord Pollington have gone into tennis partnership and started their season in the Melbury tournament. They are both Wimbledon aspirants. Lord Pollington has made so much progress this winter that he is now accepted for the Open Singles

Scottish

Polo Practice for the Westchester Cup

The English team have been practising at Aldershot and here they are waiting to start a game—Capt. Humphrey Guinness, Scots Greys, H. H. Hughes, Tyrell Martin (late 16th Lancers), captain, and Captain M. P. Ansell, Inniskillings, who is in charge of the team's ponies, and played last winter in India. H. H. Hughes has only played the game for six years, and in the Argentine till two years ago, when he appeared meteorically in English and American polo

Yorkshire Point-to-Point

Left: the Hon. Peter Wood, Lord Halifax's second son, is with Miss Prudence Lane Fox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lane Fox, of Walton House, Boston Spa, who announced her engagement before Easter to Robert V. Taylor, 16th-5th Lancers. They were at the Holderness point-to-point

Prize-Giving

At the Household Brigade Meeting

Above: Miss Diana Lambton is talking to the Hon. Pamela Dillon and Lord Cranley, who are engaged and are to be married in October. Lord Cranley, Lord and Lady Onslow's son, is in the Life Guards

Right: Lady Ipswich and her debutante daughter, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, were at Hawthorn Hill for the Household Brigade jump meeting

A Deb and Her Mother

Lord and Lady Melchett's Easter Party

In the group are the Hon. Julian Mond, the Hon. Kitty Seely, Lord Mottistone's third daughter, Lady Melchett, Lord Conway of Allington, who was eighty on Easter Sunday, Violet Lady Melchett, Lord Melchett, and the Hon. Derek Mond. The Melchetts' place is Colworth House, near Bedford; Derek and Julian Mond are their two sons. Lord Melchett is joint-Master of the Oakley

Golf Clubs at Home

Worthing, Sussex

A View of the Club-house

(1) W. E. Green (director), H. Leather Barron and S. H. Roberts. (2) W. H. Jordan (chairman) and E. A. Tolley (captain). (3) W. Fenning, W. J. Lake (vice-captain), and E. J. Piper. (4) Dr. S. H. Daukes, F. Croasdale (ex-captain), and B. A. Dyer. (5) N. N. Marsh (ex-president), Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Thompson (secretary), and H. C. B. Bowles (president). (6) H. Mathews (ex-captain), J. L. Hough, and R. T. Benstead. (7) J. Forbes, G. Derrick (committee member) and F. H. Kemp-Potter. (8) R. A. C. Pike, J. P. Clark (committee member), and John Stretton. (9) B. Jeffries (professional) and H. Constable (steward)

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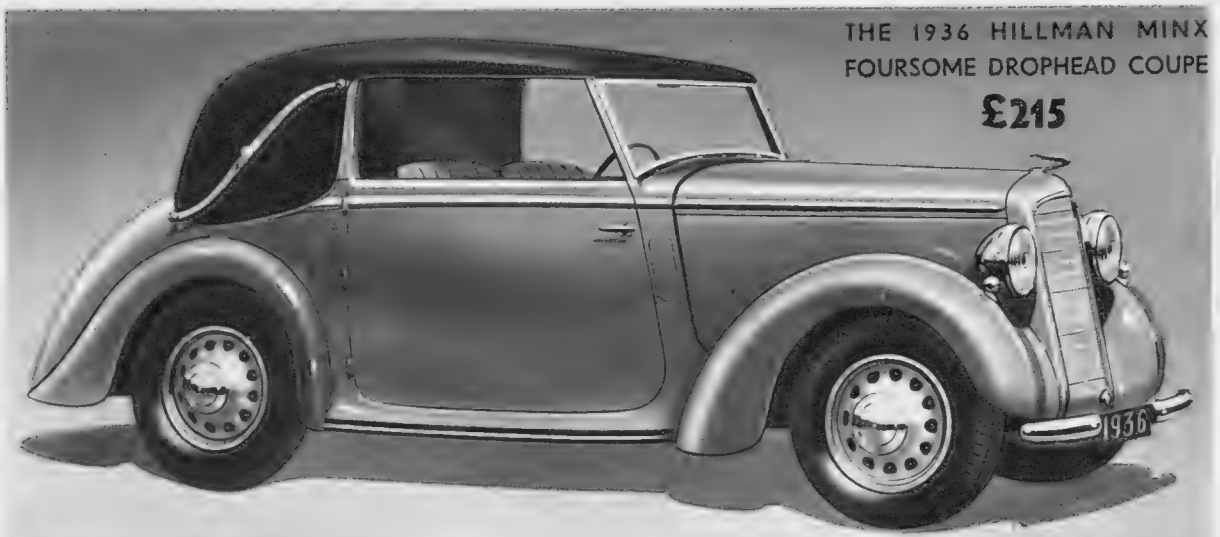

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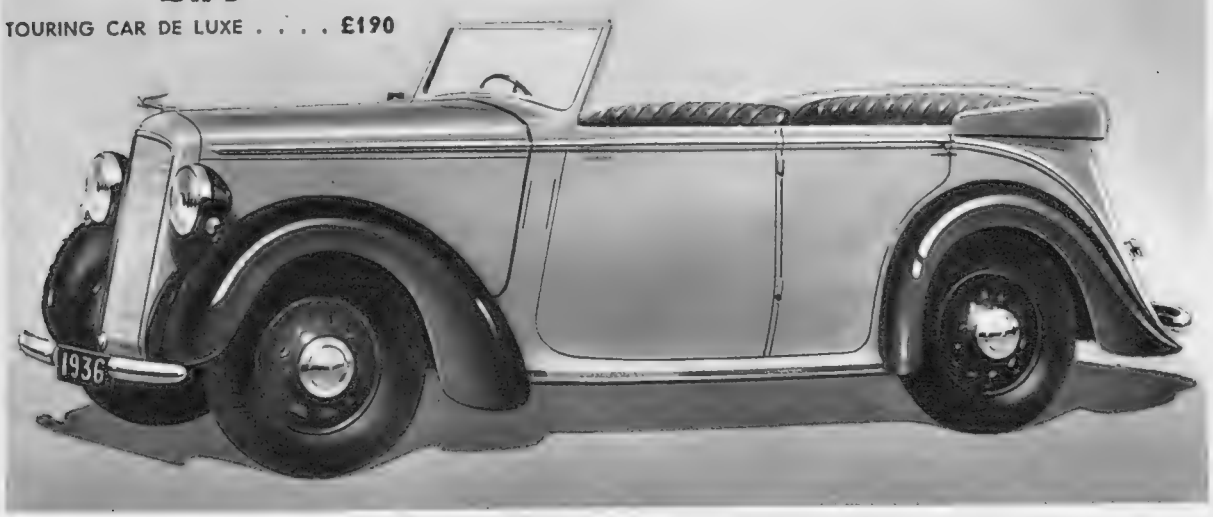

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C.F.H. 141

Women's Golf

The Northern Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Lancashire team at the Women's Northern Championship consisted of Miss Stobart, Mrs. Barbour, Miss Berry, Mrs. Curran, Miss Clark (captain), Mrs. Newton (runner-up), Miss Firth, and Mrs. Soulby

DEAR BYSTANDER,

ALWOODLEY is one of those courses, like Seacroft, Birkdale, Turnberry, and a few others of the best, where even this steady-going correspondent of yours takes the bit between her teeth and says: "Writing be hanged; I 'm going to play here." Mercifully, the days between Northern Foursomes at Seacroft and the Northern Championship at Alwoodley allowed of that without any neglect of duty; in fact, it appeared to be a positive necessity that I should make personal experiment afresh there, so as to appreciate to the full what problems competitors had to tackle.

There may be problems: Dr. Mackenzie saw to that when he stepped in and supplemented the miles of nature so cunningly; but there is vast enjoyment, too.

Thought is wanted for each shot, and for the one that must follow it, too; also courage, for you cannot get the figures at Alwoodley without taking a risk over one shot or another at every hole. It is for the player there, cutting her coat according to her cloth, to decide whether the bold drive, offering the simple second, or the pusillanimous one, which puts off the difficulties until the shot up to the hole, suits best her peculiar style of play.

TO be very sure of yourself, and therefore impervious to any atmosphere of danger, is doubtless the only way to tackle Alwoodley, and that was why, and how, Mrs. Rhodes, of Harrogate, won the Northern Championship. Thirty-six holes medal play under scratch conditions is a severe test of medal play, though it can never, of course, rank with the personal conflict of match play against tip-top performers. Mrs. Rhodes is a very excellent scorer, otherwise she would not at this minute hold the BYSTANDER Yearly Cup, having won no fewer than five BYSTANDER spoons during 1935 to do so.

To do 77 in the morning was good enough, particularly as the putts were a hindrance rather than a help, but it was twice as good to do it again in the afternoon, and if there was one slightly tremulous patch coming home, that was only a very natural state of affairs, bravely conquered by a grand 4 at the last hole. L.G.U. par is 74, and L.G.U. were the tees used.

There was a pleasant capful of wind across almost at every hole, and if conditions were as easy for the long games as they might be on any upland course in early April, it must be remembered that modern greenkeeping is too mindful of the needs of turf when the summer comes for the greens to be at their easiest while sand can still do something for them. It was good scoring, and suggests that it is possible to play every game hard for a good many years and then to devote yourself to the royal and ancient and succeed, if you are willing to give unremitting daily practice of several hours to the business.

THERE was a stern chase, though. Mrs. H. V. Newton slipped rather too many putts, but her 79 and 77 were otherwise good golf; Mrs. Swinscoe's 79 and 78 had too many bunkers; Mrs. Clement, after a morning 79, had a trifle too much of both; and it was left to Miss Kathleen Merry to come in with a brilliant 76 for the best single round of the day.

When BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes were played at Alwoodley in 1930, a fat little schoolgirl took French leave of her lessons to play in them; that autumn and the next two, she was a competitor of whom much was expected at the Girls' Championship. Actually she was not included in the seven out of whom four scores were to count for the inter-county team championship which was part of the Alwoodley day. Yorkshire, however, managed to win without that 76, though only by a matter of six strokes from Lancashire, 648 to 654, after both had been 325 at lunch time.

IT was sad that neither Cheshire, Northumberland, nor Cumberland and Westmorland had been able to send the necessary four players, but perhaps they will manage it next year. Miss Elsie Grice's county had one interesting competitor there, Miss L. B. Clark, who swept the board at Lancashire's Northern Meeting last year, only to discover afterwards that by the width of a road, her residential qualification was not for Lancashire at all, but for Westmorland.

She is an attractive young golfer, somehow reminiscent of Mrs. John Beck (Miss Dorothy Pim), and the sight of a promising young golfer always cheers the heart of any big meeting.

ROUND London, county affairs are no less obscure than usual, re-division of the South-East notwithstanding. Essex, the holders, after beating Middlesex twice have lost 5 to 2 to Kent, so the fate of that little lot hangs on the return; Hants have had revenge on Sussex for their earlier beating, and also beaten Surrey, of which one of the players remarked that she really didn't know which county was the more surprised at the result. Surrey took it out of Sussex, by way of revenge, so things there are still all to play for, each of the three having lost one match.

NEXT week you shall hear of their orgy of county championships, and then begins the real big stuff, when we shall take a deep breath, straighten our shoulders, and say, "Now for the U.S.A."

They are due at Southampton on April 23rd; we are ready for them in every sense.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

The victorious Yorkshire team at Alwoodley: Miss Fowler, Mrs. Wright, Miss Barbara Lees, Mrs. Rhodes (winner), Miss Chester (captain), Miss Platts, Mrs. Swinscoe (third), and Miss Rowland. Mrs. Rhodes, the winner, holds the "Bystander" Yearly Challenge Cup

FELICITY and JOYCE

Felicity writes to Joyce during the Easter holidays.

Joyce darling,

Isn't it too awful to think that the hols. are nearly over. Anyhow, I have had a most marvellous time and the first week you spent with us was a great rag.

I did a shop crawl with my mother yesterday, and kept a sharp look out for something snappy to wear in the summer hols.

Mummie has a hunch for grey flannel, and she has been a perfect darling and bought me a two-piece which I can wear when half term comes along . . . there was another frock which was jolly well your handwriting, so I got Mummie to have that sent to you to try on.

I wish you were coming back with us. Last term was terribly dull without you. Oh dear, fancy getting into the old school uniform the day after tomorrow!

Write to me about the glad times in London, and I will keep you up to the minute with all the old school scandal.

All my love,

Felicity

...and these are the frocks that Felicity's mother chose

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Felicity's Frocks, write to the designers, Mercia & Co., who will be pleased to advise you of your nearest couturier who stocks them.

Felicity's Frocks

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An Unexpected Win in the Addington Foursomes

Dr. Flaherty and Twine, seen above, met Micklem and Lacey in the Addington final: they were two down at the sixth hole, then picked up to win the event at the fifteenth

F. McGloin (West Kent) and A. G. Wallis (Chislehurst): they lost to Dr. J. A. Flaherty and W. T. Twine (Langley Park) by three and two in the other semi-final

G. H. Micklem (Addington) and A. J. Lacey (Berkshire), who met L.G. Crawley (Sunningdale) and R. T. Plumbridge (Thorndon Park) in one semi-final at Addington, and beat them by 5 and 4

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

How Those Selectors Do Blunder!

THE tasks of the members of selection committees are hard, especially when teams for International matches have to be chosen. It is very often possible, when the team has been selected, to pick a second team which, if it played against the first team, would have by no means an outside chance of victory. Nevertheless, the colossal blunders made by some selection committees are inexcusable, and in many cases could have been avoided if people with personal knowledge of the players concerned had been consulted.

The selectors of the English Association Football team have proved themselves bad selectors on numerous occasions by making a large number of changes in their team from one match to the next. If, after playing, say, Wales, it is found necessary to play four or more different players in the team against, say, Ireland, a few weeks later, it is surely obvious that serious errors have been made in the selection of one team or the other.

IN the big International golf matches in which this country is concerned, namely, the Ryder Cup matches, the two Walker Cup matches against the United States of America, and against Scotland, and the Curtis Cup matches, results are decided by match play, and consequently it should be the first aim of the selection committees concerned to select players who are good match players and fighters, and who will not admit defeat until they are actually beaten.

It is also very important to select players with big-match temperaments; there have been at cricket many instances of men who have made hundred after hundred in county matches and have been at the head, or near the head, of the batting averages, yet have been complete and absolute failures in Test matches. In the same way, the man who has scored most goals at Association football and the man who has scored most tries at Rugby football may be very bad selections for International matches.

When Lord Tennyson was selected to play in Test matches in England, at the time when Macdonald and Gregory were playing for Australia, he possessed little form to justify his selection, which he owed to the common sense and inside knowledge of some of the members of the selection committee, who knew that he had a very fine big-match temperament, and that it made not the slightest difference to him whether he was playing in a Test match at Lord's or a Saturday afternoon match on a village green. Lord Tennyson's performances in this Test match fully justified his selection, which many people regarded as extraordinary.

NEARLY the biggest blunder by any selectors was that made by the selectors of our cricket teams in the Test matches against Australia in 1902. In the fourth Test match, at Old Trafford, they left out George Hirst and Gilbert Jessop and lost this match, and with it the rubber. In the fifth Test match, at the Oval, our selectors reinstated Hirst and Jessop in the team, when these two players won the match practically entirely off their own bats and balls, and thus blazoned to the world the stupidity of their omission from the fourth Test match team.

OUR male selectors have, in the past, made numerous blunders which were, in many cases, unnecessary, but not nearly so many as our female selectors. There can seldom have been such a muddle made of the selection and playing of a team as there was with our ladies' team against the United States of America at Wentworth in 1932.

The teams were not officially announced until the evening before the match, and not one of the players in the foursomes had ever played with her partner as a foursome partner; one lady to whom I spoke just before she went through the crowd to the first tee told me that she did not know at which holes she was going to drive. Also, in this same match, Miss Diana Fishwick, who had won the Ladies' Championship in 1930, when she outplayed Miss Glenna Collett and also

(*Concluded on page viii*)

Looking Back to the Halford-Hewitt

T. Pendered (Old Wellingburians), L. A. Merton, Captain A. W. Malcolm (Old Reptonians), and W. Dale (Old Wellingburians) were four of the large gathering of Old Boys held recently at Deal, for the Halford-Hewitt Cup. The Reptonians beat the Wellingburians in the first round by five games to none

'North British' Famous Hazards Series

The 'Sandy Parlour' at Deal

is the great waste of sand between tee and green at the fourth hole. Though only 144 yards, the tee shot may call for anything from a mashie-niblick to a full iron, according to the wind. The shot is blind over the big ridge of sand, but if well-judged, your 'North British' will run comfortably into the centre of the green, while a less accurate shot will easily finish in the bunkers either side.

English Amateur Championship begins here on April 27th.

SS SPECIAL SCRATCH is designed to give the low handicap golfer maximum response for every stroke. Used by championship winners throughout the world.

TT TOUGH & TRUE is scarcely less remarkable in performance than the SS but has a specially toughened cover to resist hard usage.

FROM YOUR PROFESSIONAL 2/- Recess or lattice

Get a longer 'carry' - with a

NORTH BRITISH

The Choice of Champions

MADE IN EDINBURGH BY THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO LTD

Piano *(Concluded from page 156)*

ceased to be inanimate, and it's a stronger thing in your life than I. Its music—music and your Art night and day—you talk about it, think it, dream it until I haven't even a small corner left in your heart."

Mark made no comment but walked slowly to the door. As he opened it a bell shrilled in the hall below.

"That's Steven," he said. "I'll let him in."

Kay made no protest. "Steven's a man," she thought. "Let him take his share of this bitter business." She could imagine the meeting; Mark, quiet and ice-cold, seeking some vulnerable spot in Steven's shining armour of suave bonhomie—Steven, who was so sure of his ability to carry off any situation—even sure that he could make her happy in spite of her persistent loyalty to the impossible, heart-breaking Mark.

A few minutes later Kay paused in the strapping of the last case. Mark was playing. He had chosen well. She knelt on the carpet, leaning on the closed case while the ghost of a past happiness floated up to her. The room seemed to disintegrate and give place to the evening sea of Wales where she had sat with Mark upon a western cliff and watched the golden galleon of the sun founder far out where the early stars winked. He had brushed away with his lips the mist that clung to her eyebrows and whispered tender and outrageous things until she had stopped his mouth with a hand so cold that they had run all the way back to the hotel, stumbling and laughing and oblivious of the world.

"It isn't fair!" she cried to the empty room, but still the melody wrapped her round like the invisible arms of an old love. "It isn't fair! Mark, Mark, you can't break me that way!"

The tempo changed and quickened, bringing back a night seven years before, when they had walked back through the Green Park when the grass was biscuit-crisp with frost and the trees seemed to rattle their bare branches among the stars and the moon had been beaten pewter. They had sat very close upon a rime-coated seat and Mark had sworn that two green buds broke out on a gaunt birch-tree when she said she would marry him. When they reached his flat he had played to her—played this same air until Kay had had to hook her feet under the chair-rail to keep herself from sailing up into the blue, exciting night.

AGAIN the tune drifted away into one of his own arrangements of an old French song, and it seemed to cry to her with Mark's voice: "I can't help it . . . I am Mark Brand . . . I am not as other men, fashioned for this world or cramped by earthly love. . . . I am a genius. You may go away . . . you may break my heart, for part of it is yours, but you cannot have it all—it is not mine to give; it belongs here, beneath the black protecting wing that shadows the keys. . . . Be tolerant and understand that it is only by this endless sacrifice of all the outward show of love that your voice can rise above the roar of vast audiences or the thought of you make me smile up at the darkened theatre-box with poised hands before the opening bars."

For a moment Kay sat very straight, whispering, "I'll try. Just once more I'll try, my dear. . . . Steven is less than a shadow beside you. I'll try and understand and perhaps we can be happy again. We were once. To-morrow we'll start again, right from that evening in Wales, and I'll be so very careful. Nothing like this shall happen so nearly to wreck your life and mine."

SHE looked down at the suit-cases, the sullen weight lifting from her heart as the triumphant chords crept through the closed door. With swift movements she unstrapped the cases and, one by one, turned their contents out on to the floor and bed. She picked up the neglected roses and, smiling, pinned one in her dress. "And to-night, maestro, late as it is, you shall take me out to dine and we shall be lovers again, and just a little sorry for Steven. I'm afraid you will have made his ears burn a trifle by now."

She ran from the room to meet the sweet clamour drifting up the stairs—ran as if to meet To-morrow and a new sun rising.

Mark did not stop playing when Kay appeared in the doorway; only the melody died away from appassionato to pianissimo as he watched her eyes grow round and dark, gazing at Steven sprawled beyond the circle of lamplight with the ivory-handled knife jutting grotesquely from his back.

THE END.

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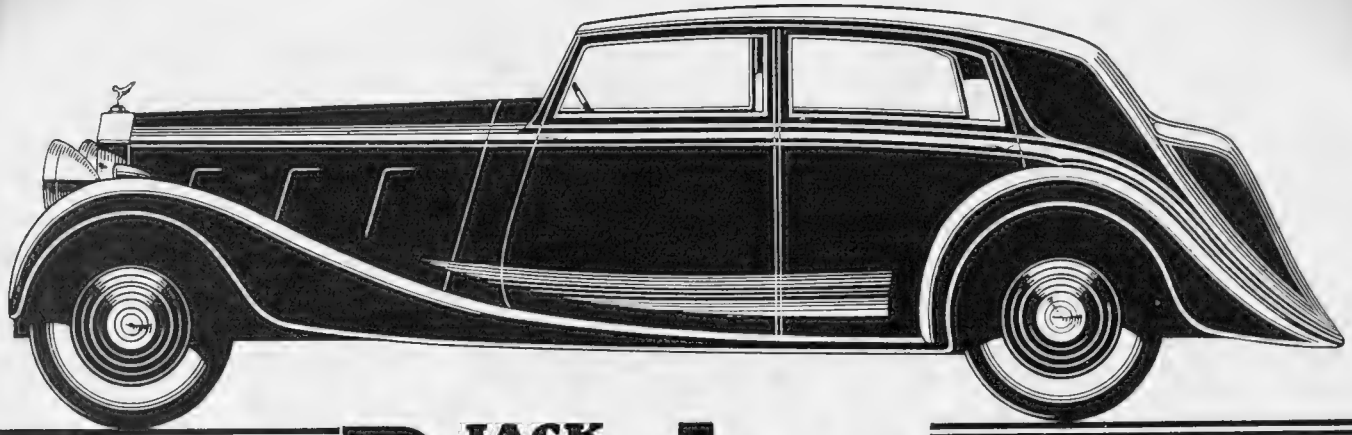

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The coats and jackets have no sharp accentuation: their lines flow easily and naturally—providing they are properly cut.

Trousers are not so perfect. The double pleats cause them to hang well, but this fashionable break on the instep, though modified this season, is still inartistically present.

The opening at the front of trousers is their weakest feature. Idealistically, there should be no aperture here: but necessity demands an opening. And, since the days of split-falls in the Seventies this aperture has been fastened with a modestly-concealed row of buttons

The resultant irregular line is not pleasing: but ingenuity offered no alternative.

Until the advent of slide fasteners.

Though we, as a house, are not over-conservative, experience has taught us how chary is the average Englishman when confronted with any innovation. Which is one reason why, seven years ago, we confined our experiments with slide fasteners to our Staff. We learnt the method of insertion, and finally, a few months ago, the fool-proof "Lightning" fastener was produced.

Having tested these to our satisfaction, we are now giving our customers the fruit of our experiments.

We suggest slide fasteners for æsthetic reasons: they cause trousers to hang better, give them a cleaner line. Their other advantages are purely incidental.

Primarily we are concerned with building clothes with that elusive simplicity of line which is the essence of style.

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LIMITED

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The "Bystander" Flies with the Times

By Charles Ward

Our Ninth Annual Flying Number

IT is more than eight years since our first Flying Number was published. The Moth had become popular; Lady Bailey wrote on flying for women; whilst the late Sir Sefton Brancker dealt with it as a sport and pleasure. Hinkler had flown a "Cirrus" Avian to Australia in 15½ days. We had fourteen light aeroplane clubs and sixty-five private owners of aircraft in Great Britain. In the previous year, a Royal Air Force team had captured the Schneider Trophy from the Italians. The film of the day was *Wings*, with Clara Bow, and everyone talked of the air age which had arrived. To-day it is a fact that the air's the thing for cheap and speedy transport—also for defence. Our issue next Wednesday, April 29th, will contain the BYSTANDER's review of the year in the air, with plenty of good pictures of personalities and the latest 'planes. Mr. Lindsay Everard, one of our leading owner-pilots, is writing on flying as the simplest and most comfortable method of touring. Lord Sempill is contributing an article on the cheap light 'plane, based on his experience with the "Drone" in which he flew to Berlin and back at the beginning of the month. Air Commodore Chamier will devote his article to a topic of the day—the Royal Air Force, and the opportunities it offers for careers in the Service that will become, if it has not already reached the status of our first line of defence.

Owner-pilot flies two of the "Midnight Vanities" from Grosvenor House to see the Queen Mary. Mr. Alan Henderson, who owns a "Leopard," is a member of Dorlands' well-known advertising agency. The ladies are the Misses Dedon Blunier and Gloria Young

Events of the Season

IT is at the beginning of May that the social events of the flying season commence. The Royal Aeronautical Society, as befits the oldest institution of its kind in the world, holds the first function—a Garden Party at the Great West Aerodrome on Sunday, May 10th, by kind permission of Mr. C. R. Fairey. Last year's event was distinguished by the arrival of a glider from Reading and some spectacular slow flying by Flight-Lt. Wilson on a Klemm "Swallow." The Society has a first call on the finest pilots in the country, and as a social event, distinct from anything to do with trade, the Garden Party is certainly a date for the diary. The

(*Continued on page* vi)

ROLLS-ROYCE

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Rolls-Royce Limited have pleasure in announcing that they have decided to offer the 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce with an alternative size of engine.

The new and larger engine is of 25/30 h.p. 6 cylinders having a bore of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches and a stroke of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

R.A.C. rating 29.4 (Tax £22 - 10 - 0)

The price of the chassis with the larger engine is increased by £50.

In all other respects the design of the chassis is similar to that of the famous 20/25 h.p. model.

PRICES

CHASSIS			CARS	
25/30 h.p.	-	£1,100	Saloon -	£1,605
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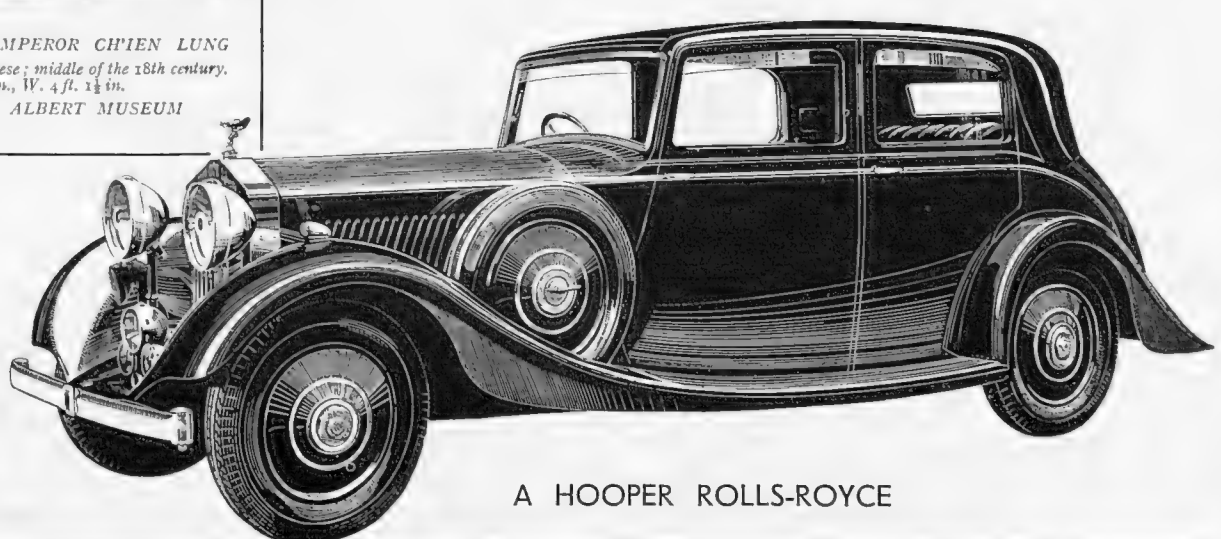

A HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

Kennington Service

Should wives glide? This is Joan Meakin, the glider pilot, who is touring England with C. W. A. Scott's Air Display. Her husband, Ronald Price, who is assistant general manager of the tour, says Yes!

The "Bystander" Flies with the Times *(Continued from page iv)*

Exhibition in Stockholm from the 15th to the end of the month will attract the experts, whilst May 23rd is Empire Air Day, when the public is allowed to peep behind the scenes on the aerodromes. For owner-pilots, there are organised tours through Austria, Hungary and Switzerland at the end of May; also a race to the Isle of Man and around the houses, competing with a week-end in Marseilles from May 30th to June 1st. Czechoslovakia claims the tourists from June 6th to the 14th, slightly overlapping the Magyar Pilota Picnic, probably the most amusing Continental party, from the 13th to the 19th.

At the Clubs and Schools

His Majesty the King has graciously consented to continue the patronage he gave to the R.A.F. Flying Club as Prince of Wales. The Club operates from Hatfield, and is open to membership from anyone connected with the Service. During August and September, the Norfolk and Norwich Club will again supervise the Public Schools Aviation Camp, which is pitched at Mousehold Aerodrome, the municipal flying centre for Norwich. These camps have been a great success, all pupils, with one exception to date, having obtained pilot's licences. The fee for the course, including board and lodging, lectures and twelve hours' flying, is a maximum of £30. For those who are attracted to flying as a career, there is an "air university" at Hamble which specialises in training up to the exacting standards of the day. The full course lasts three years and costs approximately the same as Varsity training for any other profession. No difficulty is experienced in placing those who graduate, for not only is an A.S.T. certificate the highest honour, but the demand for properly trained pilots and engineers still exceeds the supply. The Hamble fleet consists of nearly forty land-'planes, seaplanes and flying-boats. Generous provision is made for recreation—in addition to sports fields for "Rugger," "Soccer," hockey and cricket, there are rifle ranges, squash courts, a swimming-pool and a sailing club.

Aerodrome News

En-Tout-Cas is in possession of the worse half of Brooklands Aerodrome and by midsummer it will wear that tennis-court expression for which this firm is famous. With the School fleet at its full strength of nine aircraft and Duncan Davis and Ken Waller returned bronzed from Madeira, all is set for a busy season. News from Yeadon, which is the municipal aerodrome for Leeds and Bradford, besides being the headquarters of the Yorkshire Club, indicates that this year will be a record one. In 1935 the Club flew 1530 hours and obtained eighteen new "A" licences. The fleet of three Moths, a Leopard and a Short "Scion" is being increased by another Moth and a Hornet Moth on order. Of the total membership of 220, more than half are active pilots and ten are private owners. At Heston, Sir Westrow Hulse has gone solo on the Old Etonian's Club machine. The Hornet Moth is proving very popular for cross-country under the guidance of Captain Ferguson. Big shots of the month include pictures of the world's largest liner and the world's largest Zeppelin, taken by pilots of the Birkett Air Service.

The Venus de Milo . . .

The most envied feminine form in the world!

A FIRM AND SHAPELY BUST IS THE ESSENCE OF WOMANLY BEAUTY

A perfectly moulded bust is the crown of woman's loveliness. Few women, however, can pride themselves that they possess truly graceful contours. It is only too often these days that modern dress reveals with candour the outline of forms which are imperfect in being either over-proportioned or under-developed and flat.

Scientific research has led to the discovery of a hormone treatment—the S-8 brand Hormone Preparations—which offers woman a genuine help in her desire for figure perfection. These hormones exert a powerful though quite harmless influence upon the relaxed or undeveloped bust, correcting its imperfections and minimising faults, thus restoring the breasts to the graceful contours and firmness of youth. The S-8 preparations develop and beautify the figure from within in Nature's own way.

Registered *Trade Mark*

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Various formulæ have been prepared to suit individual cases. The application and the effects of these formulæ are fully explained in the most scientific and interesting book ever published on this subject. Supported by many colour plates, it gives other important information and prices.

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FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

PLAYER'S PLEASE

10 FOR 6D IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS 20 FOR 11½

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C. 316.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

(Continued from page 172)

showed herself the possessor of a better temperament than her opponent—who, at Wentworth, was leading the United States ladies' team—was played in the *singles only*, when she won her match with consummate ease without being extended to the slightest degree.

The selectors of our ladies' team against the United States this year appear likely even to outdo the cricket selectors who left out Hirst and Jessop, as they have omitted from the team two of their best match-winners, both of whom have perfect big-occasion temperaments—namely, Miss Diana Fishwick and Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp. I do not suggest that Miss Cradock-Hartopp should play in the singles, but she and Miss Bridget Newell must be nearly, if not quite, the best foursome combination available. Their performances in foursomes are certainly better than any other lady foursome combination.

Last year they won both the Scottish and Midlands Foursomes, and were only beaten in the final of the Northern Foursomes, while Miss Cradock-Hartopp was successful at Worplesdon. This year these two players have already won the Northern Foursomes, and Miss Cradock-Hartopp went further than any other woman, with the exception of the best woman player in the world, in the Sunningdale Foursomes. Miss Bridget Newell has been selected, and there can be little doubt that she has considerably more chance of gaining a point for her side if she plays in the foursomes with Miss Cradock-Hartopp than she has if she plays in the foursomes with any other partner, or in the singles.

WHEN you have a ready-made foursome combination like this it appears madness to try and manufacture better ones in a short time. I should like to see Miss Fishwick play in both the foursomes and the singles. Miss Fishwick has this year already won the London Ladies' Foursomes with Mrs. John Gage. Miss Fishwick, previous to this tournament, had not played for several weeks owing to an injury to her right hand, from which the plaster was only removed on the morning of the first day's play, and yet, on the way to the final, on more than one occasion she was the best player of the four concerned.

Miss Fishwick has a very fine big-occasion temperament, and produces her best when it is most wanted; in 1934 she saved her side against France, when everything depended on her.

FORTUNATELY, the selectors of our Curtis Cup team have yet an opportunity to remedy an error even greater than that made by our cricket selectors in 1902. Few teams can afford to omit one match-winner, and even the Old Carthusian Golfing Society cannot afford to omit two.

The Editor's Box

A Recognisable Tennis Ball

THE firm of Spalding's, which specialises in tennis and golf equipment, is starting the new season with a new invention.

It consists of coloured dots on tennis balls, three in number and incorporated in the cover of the ball. Thus, as long as the ball has any cover, it retains its dots, and as long as it retains its dots, it retains its owner.

For club and public court play, these identification spots are invaluable. It is unlikely that players on neighbouring courts will have chosen the same colour (there is a choice of six), so the mixing of balls will not occur, nor will the laborious and unsatisfactory ink marking be necessary. "Multidot" marked balls are sold at the usual Spalding price of 6s. 6d. a half-dozen.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

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THE use of Listerine Brand Antiseptic has become a daily routine with fastidious people throughout the country. For an antiseptic of such admitted potency (the *Lancet* confirms that it kills 600 million bacteria in 15 seconds) it is exceedingly "versatile."

It is used as a mouth wash with pleasure and profit, and women, in particular, find it invaluable for general personal hygiene; there is no safer, more reliable prophylactic for cuts, bruises and all minor and major injuries; it has a soothing effect on inflamed and swollen conditions.

Listerine Antiseptic is the ideal antiseptic and germicide for personal requirements. Keep a bottle in your bathroom for daily use — and against emergencies.

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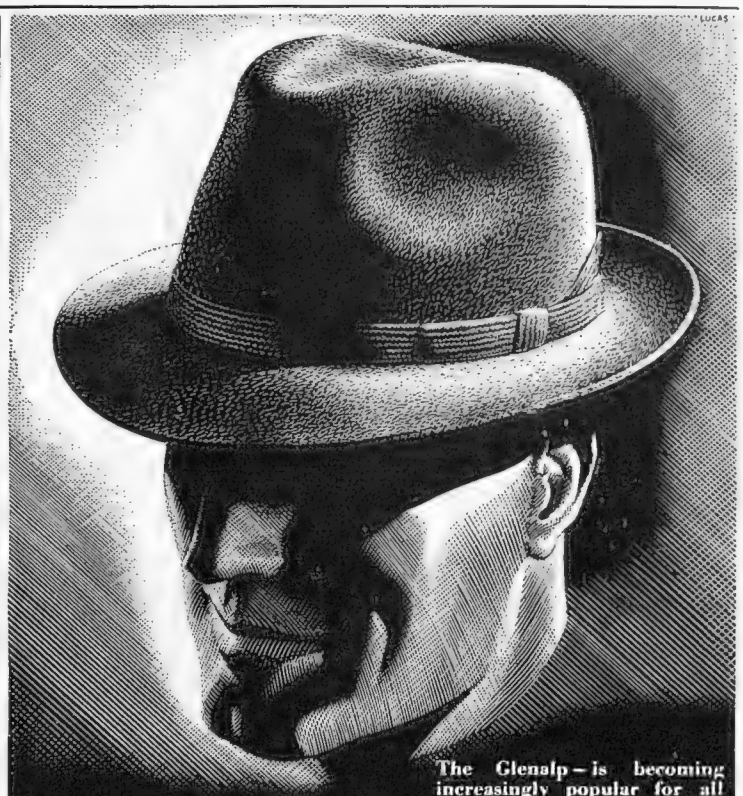
Of all chemists 1/6, 3/- and 5/6 a bottle. Made in England



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Hats to fit your personality as well as your head.

Over 800 shops sell Battersby Hats: send a postcard for the name of the nearest. Write to BATTERSBY (Dept. B), Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2.

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On Right . .

Entirely hand made in our own workrooms.

Charming Nightdress

in silk washing satin, V neck trimmed with cream lace. In peach, ivory, sky, parchment, and pink. W. size. **39/6**

Larger sizes 49/6.

Wide Leg Knicker

with cream lace edging. Waist size 26, 28, 30 and 32. In all shades. **21/9**

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On Left . .

Princess Petticoat

in silk washing satin or crêpe de Chine daintily trimmed with strong washing lace. In beige, pink, black and ivory. **25/9**

Larger sizes 29/6.

Petticoat Knicker

to match. W. size. **18/9**

Larger sizes 23/9.

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Specialists in Dainty Underwear

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Debenhams Ltd

Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Navana

Pamela Marcy

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Marcy, of Petersham Terrace, South Kensington; she is engaged to Charles Settle, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Settle, of Sonningdene, Sonning, Berks.

Navana

Constance Hutton

Announces her engagement to Philip Philcox, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Philcox, of Stone Court, Staplefield, Sussex; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Hutton, of South Lodge, Effingham, Surrey

Bassano

Barbara White-Smith

Is the elder daughter of Sir Henry White-Smith, of 17, Ennismore Gdns., S.W.7, and Lady White-Smith, of The Colony, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset; she is engaged to Charles Padley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Padley, of Fulwood, Sheffield

Bassano

Lorna Wood

Is engaged to Hindley Taylor, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Taylor, of The Bungalow, Mossfield Road, Farnworth, Lancs.; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Wood, of Pex Hill House, Widnes, Lancs

Kay Vaughan

Dorothy D'Engelbronner

Dorothy Alleyne D'Engelbronner, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. d'A. D'Engelbronner, of Redleaf, Penshurst, Kent, is engaged to Harry Freeman Jackson, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Freeman Jackson, of The Lodge, West Malling, Kent

Kay Vaughan

Audrey Park

Is the elder daughter of Mr. C. N. Park, L.D.S., R.C.S.; she is engaged to Francis Trevor Hunter, second son of Mr. Trevor Hunter, K.C., and Mrs. Hunter, of 6, Hereford Mansions, W.2

Stuart Hamilton

Sybil Brett

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Brett, of Woodend, Boxmoor; she is engaged to Denis Lytton Partington, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Partington, of Sussex House, Little Sussex Place, W.2

Lenare

Juliet Milvain

Is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. Milvain, of Eglingham Hall, Northumberland, and Mrs. Walter Marshall, of Buckland House, Buckland Newton, Dorset; she is engaged to Calverly Bewicke, only son of Major C. Bewicke, of Close House, Wylam-on-Tyne

Navana

Elspeth Margaret Wood

Is the second daughter of Dr. Alex Wood, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and Mrs. Wood; she is engaged to David Granville Waddilove, only son of the Rev. R. A. and the late Mrs. Waddilove, of East Walton Vicarage, King's Lynn, Norfolk

Kay Vaughan

Peggy Walkey

Is the elder daughter of the Rev. J. R. Walkey, Chaplain to the R.A.F., and Mrs. Walkey, of 32, Madeira Avenue, Bromley, Kent; she is engaged to George Sidney Forbes Middleton, elder son of Captain and Mrs. G. Middleton, of 93, Avondale Road, Croydon

Stuart

Penelope Weekes

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. S. Weekes, of Knocklofty, Tunbridge Wells; she is engaged to Wreyford Henri Durlac, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Durlac, of Edinburgh. Miss Weekes was Kent Junior Tennis Champion four years ago

Lenare

Cecily Joyce Kidston

Is engaged to Alan Phipps, second son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Eric and Lady Phipps, of the British Embassy, Berlin; she is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kidston, of Hazelbury Manor, Box, Wilts.

Simms — Partridge

Lt. Hugh Crofton Simms, R.N., elder son of Capt. and Mrs. Simms, of Shortacre, Headley, Hants., and Joan Frances Partridge, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Partridge, of 13, Langland Gardens, Hampstead, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Dockar-Drysdale — Gordon

Barbara Estelle Gordon, youngest daughter of the late T. E. Gordon, and Mrs. Gordon, of Neat Home Farm, Radley, was married at Radley Parish Church to Joseph Stephen Dockar-Drysdale, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dockar-Drysdale, of Wick Hall, Radley

Menzies — Grice-Hutchinson

At All Saints', Fulham, Commander George Menzies, R.N., eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Menzies, of Cheddleton, Staffs., married Constance Rosabel Grice-Hutchinson, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Grice-Hutchinson, of Colne House, Kempsey, Worcester

Paley — Paine

Victor Paley, only son of the late Major Paley and Mrs. Arthur Young, of Garrock, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Susan Paine, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. I. Paine, of Bledington, Kingham, Oxon., were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Turnbull — Mackinnon

Elizabeth Mackinnon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mackinnon, of 48, Grosvenor Square, was married at the Embassy Church, Paris, to James Turnbull, only son of the late George Turnbull and Mrs. Turnbull, of Fielding, N.Z.

Van Straubenzee — Lea-Wilson

P. W. C. Van Straubenzee, youngest son of Colonel and Mrs. Van Straubenzee, of Redhill, Surrey, and Suzanne Lea-Wilson, only daughter of Major Lea-Wilson, of Pembury, Tunbridge Wells, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate

Grant — Milne

At St. Columba's, Pont Street, William Grant, only son of the late Edward Grant and Mrs. Grant, of Darwin, Dufftown, Banffshire, married Margaret Katharine Milne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Milne, of Braehead, Bickley, Kent

Kemp — Stamer

Middleton Fitch Kemp, elder son of the late Middleton Kemp, and Mrs. Kemp, of Ightham, Kent, married Isabel Eva Stamer, at St. George's, Upper Cam. She is the elder daughter of Sir Lovelace and Lady Stamer, of Ashmead House, Cam, Glos.

Rodwell — Austin

John Mandeville Rodwell, younger son of Brig.-General and Mrs. E. Rodwell, of Holbrook, Ipswich, and Mary Austin, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Austin, of Woking, were married at Christ Church, Victoria Road

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 22 — April 28

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Rodney Ackland's play is about a musical comedy actress (Mary Clare) who passes from fame to obscurity: Criterion, 8.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—The comedy (or tragedy) of opposed temperaments in marriage is the basis of this amusing piece that runs like the poet's brook; Diana Churchill and Richard Bird are the pair: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

GLASS HOUSES.—Patrick Waddington and Aileen Marson are newly-marrieds upset by the man's relations; a character piece of fairly good drawing: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT.—John Hoare's play is about a group of scientists who try to get in touch with Mars. A strong cast includes Antoinette Cellier, Renée Gadd, and Arthur Wontner: St. Martin's, 8.30.

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE.—"Max's" Regency fantasy, adapted by Clemence Dane and delightfully decorated by Motley, makes the most charming piece in London; Ivor Novello, Vivien Leigh, and Isabel Jeans are in it: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

KING LEAR.—Shakespeare's most poignant tragedy has William Devlin as the King, and Vivienne Bennett as Cordelia: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Transfers to Sadler's Wells on Monday, 27th.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—A charming piece from the Chinese by S. I. Hsiung, played à la chinois. Esmé Percy, Thea Holme, and Viola Tree: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.—Robert Speaight in T. S. Eliot's play about Thomas à Becket: Mercury, 8.30 (not Monday). Fri., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PROMISE.—Bernstein's family drama is as brilliantly acted as it is theatrically effective; Madge Titheradge, Ralph Richardson and Edna Best head the fine cast: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ST. HELENA.—A fine study by Sherriff and Miss de Casalis of Napoleon's last days; Keneth Kent is the Emperor, and the smaller characters all live: Daly's 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Mazo de la Roche's novel, adapted by her, has amusing and touching moments; Nancy Price is Grandma Whiteoaks, Stephen Haggard is Finch: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WISDOM TEETH.—Beatrix Thomson, Edith Sharpe, and Ronald Adam in a fresh and entertaining play of first and second wife and the children concerned: Strand, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

ALL ALIGHT AT OXFORD CIRCUS.—A hip-hooray kind of vaudeville with Harry Roy's band and lots of comic constellations: Palladium, 6.25 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls'-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobby Howes an intruding young man; and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 75.—Comedian Barry Lupino and Eddie Hooper are newcomers to the cast, which includes all the Windmill favourites; a Milne and West duologue, a burlesque of the Queen Mary's sailing, and a Chinese tableau are amongst the attractions: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SEEING STARS.—A slim story sends Leslie Henson into numerous predicaments and the audience into fits of laughter. Fred Emney, Hildegarde, and Louise Browne enhance the merriment: Gaiety, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.—Go to this if your tastes are robust and not too refined, and you will revel in Frank Randle, a skating ballet and some grandiose spectacles: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.20. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TOWN TALKS.—Not so much to look at but better to listen to than Cochran's, this revue has June and Arthur Riscoe as stars; Vivian Ellis did the music: Palace, 6.30 and 9.

TWENTY TO ONE.—Long odds, but they win in this musical sporting farce with Lupino Lane and Clifford Mollison: Coliseum, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

CHILDREN, TO BLESS YOU!—Jean Cadell is the mother of a charming but unruly family in this domestic comedy; Mary Newcomb is an unpleasant aunt: Duke of York's, 8.20. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAST OF THE LADIES.—A weak plot supported by a strong cast—Nicholas Hannen, Adèle Dixon, Hedley Briggs, and Athene Seyler: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LIMPING MAN.—This is a real thriller of simple construction and good performance, with laughs in it, too: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Extraordinary character sketch of a cheerful young megalomaniac, written and acted by Emlyn Williams. Laughter, horrors and sympathy are well emphasised by Angela Baddeley and Dame May Whitty: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly redone; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO-NIGHT AT 8.30.—Noel Coward's short plays vary nightly, and make the best light entertainment in town. The author and Gertrude Lawrence play the leads in them all: Phœnix. Postponed till Tuesday, 28th.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—Hugh Miller and Elena Miramova in a piece of peculiar horror about murder for art's sake: Garrick, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE FUTURE THAT WAS.—Francis Deverell's vision of the world in 2131 has Eric Cowley, Sydney Fairbrother, and Henry Oscar (who produces) in it: Ambassadors, to-night, 22nd.

THE SHADOW.—H. F. Maltby in his own play with Eileen Peel and Cecil Parker; a problem for a compromised couple who witness a murder: Playhouse, to-night, 22nd.

COUSIN CHATTY.—New title for *The Old Maid*, from Edith Wharton's novel; Lilian Gish, Irene Vanbrugh, and Harcourt Williams are in it: postponed first night, Queen's, Thurs., 23rd.

PARNELL.—Margaret Rawlings is Katie O'Shea and Wyndham Goldie is the Irish patriot in this recently un-banned play: Gate, Thurs., 23rd.

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY NIGHT.—Scenes from the plays by Old Vic actors, including Frank Vosper, Marie Ney, John Wyse, Jean Forbes-Robertson, Adèle Dixon, William Devlin, and Ben Greet: Old Vic, Thurs., 23rd.

CINEMAS

ANNE-MARIE.—Annabella learns to fly in this light and elegant French farce, and she teaches her instructor, Pierre Richard-Willm, a few things: Curzon.

DESIRE.—Director Frank Borzage brings out some new qualities in Marlene Dietrich without losing the old ones; glamour is still the word, and Gary Cooper sets it off well, though the pearl-thief story is routine: Carlton.

FOLLOW THE FLEET.—The new Astaire-Rogers-Berlin piece is strictly according to old recipe—but the ingredients are as good as ever: Plaza.

THE IMPROPER DUCHESS.—Yvonne Arnaud and Hugh Wakefield are the Duchess and the King in this farce made from the play about an oil concession: Marble Arch Pavilion.

KING OF BURLESQUE.—A back-stage musical piece with Warner Baxter, Alice Faye and Jack Oakie: Regal.

LIEBESMELODIE.—Another gay gala from Vienna, with old Hungarian songs and paternal fiddlers; Marta Eggerth entrances her escort, Rolf Wanka, by her singing, which really is good (Franz Lehar's music): Academy.

MODERN TIMES.—Chaplin's newest got past the critics, and it is very good, but too up-stage for Charlie's essence; all the same, he and Paulette Goddard should be seen as waifs of a machine age: Tivoli.

POT LUCK.—This is the newest from the Tom Walls, Ralph Lynn, Robertson Hare stable; the heroine is Diana Churchill and the spot of trouble is about an art treasure: New Gallery.

STRIKE ME PINK!—Eddie Cantor in his usual goggle-eyed way gets mixed up musically with lots of lovely girls, Sally Eilers inter alios: London Pavilion.

TALE OF TWO CITIES.—M.-G.-M. have made a fine film of Dickens' character-history; Ronald Colman acts the part of his life as Carton, Elizabeth Allan is Lucie, and the small parts are good: Empire.

THESE THREE.—The title does not deceive—it is an eternal triangle film with Joel McCrea, Miriam Hopkins, and Merle Oberon: Leicester Square.

EXHIBITION

CHINESE ART.—The Eumorfopoulos Collection: Victoria and Albert Museum, 10—6 (free on Sundays).

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CARMEN.—Fri., 24th, 8.

GALA TO END OPERA SEASON.—Sat., 25th, 8.

COVENT GARDEN:

DIE MEISTERSINGER.—Mon., 27th, 6.30.

RIGOLETTO.—Tues., 28th, 8.30.

BALLET

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, BARABAU, LE LAC DES CYGNES, ACT. III.: Sadler's Wells, Sat., 25th, 2.30.

CASSE NOISETTE ACT III., APPARITIONS, DOUANES: Old Vic, Tues., 28th, 8.30.

CONCERT

THE TUDOR SINGERS.—Cuthbert Bates conducts them and the Euterpe String Players, with Harriet Cohen at the piano; works by Bach, Monteverdi, des Pres, Williams and Bax: Wigmore Hall, Tues., 28th, 8.15.

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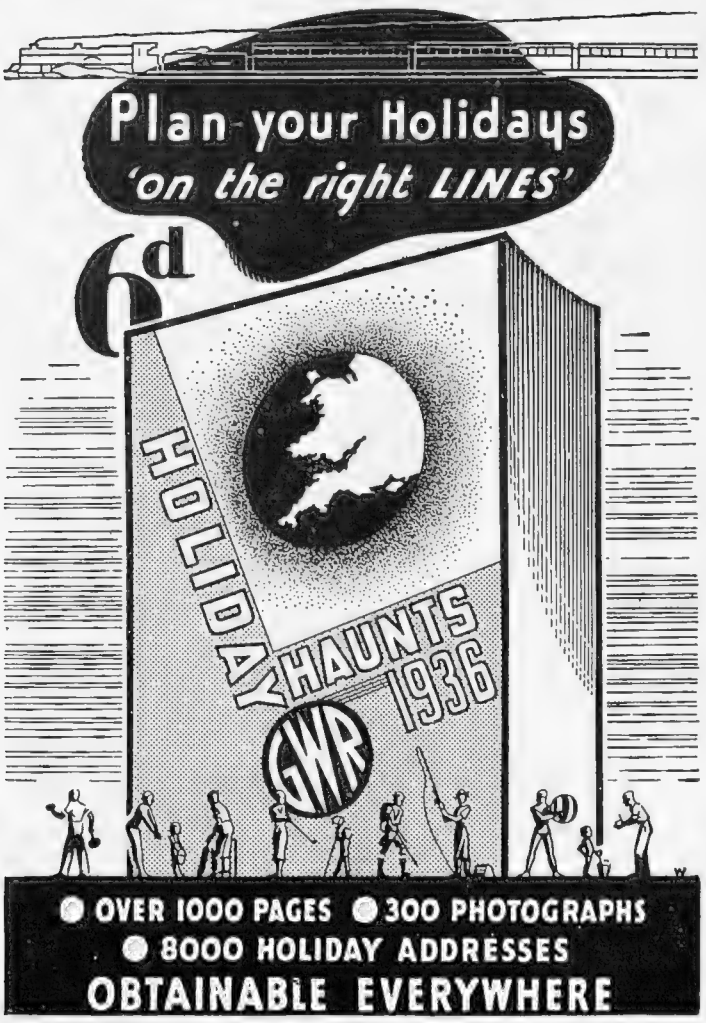

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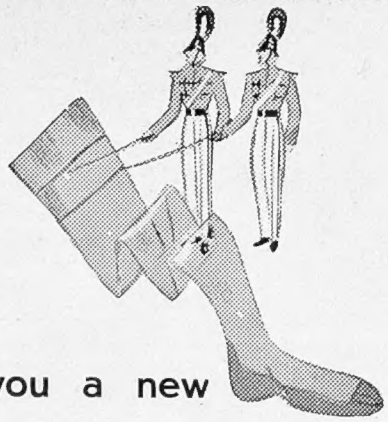

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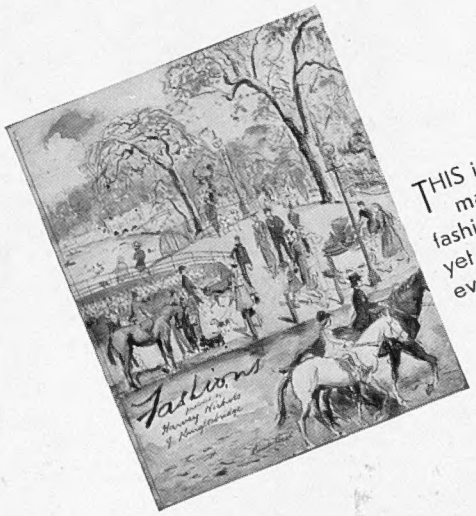

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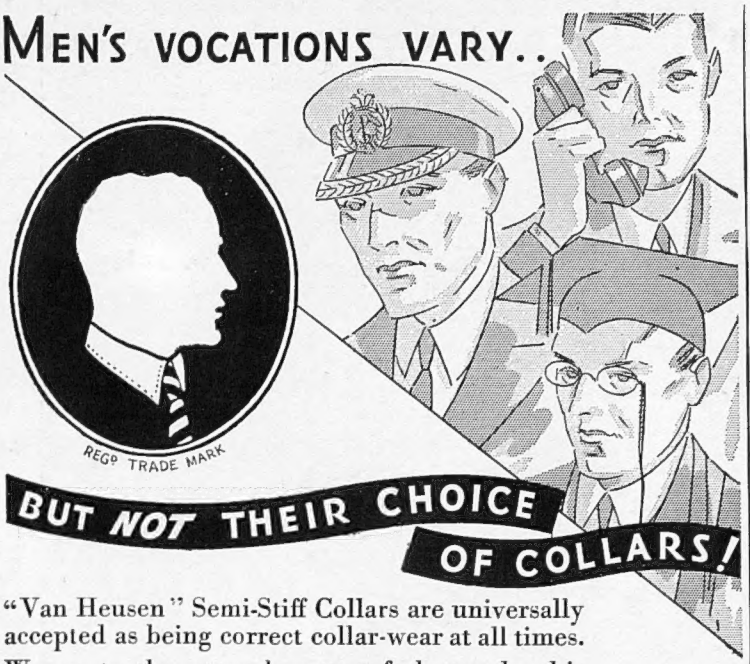

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